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THE HONOURABLE BEATRICE O'BRIEN.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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MR. HAGGARD'S . . . SCHEME.

IN the little book wherein Mr. Rider Haggard has summed up his report on the Salvation Army Colonies in the United States, and at Hadleigh, England, he has an introduction that is of exceptional interest, because it deals with the objections made by critics when the report was first promulgated. His description of the plan is as follows: "To combine a judicious use of the Public Credit with that of what I have called the 'waste forces of Benevolence,' and by means of these two levers to lift some of the mass of human misery which demonstrates itself in the great cities of civilisation to a new level of plenty and contentment." Now against this one of the strongest objections urged is that it does not go to the root of things; that, in the words of the critic, "No attempts to dispose of social wreckage in special ways will avail, so long as a defective social organisation is allowed to continue producing wreckage." Mr. Haggard does not experience much difficulty in disposing of this. He points out that if we were to wait till everything was ready and complete, it would be generations before a step could be taken. The waifs and strays of life are with us always,

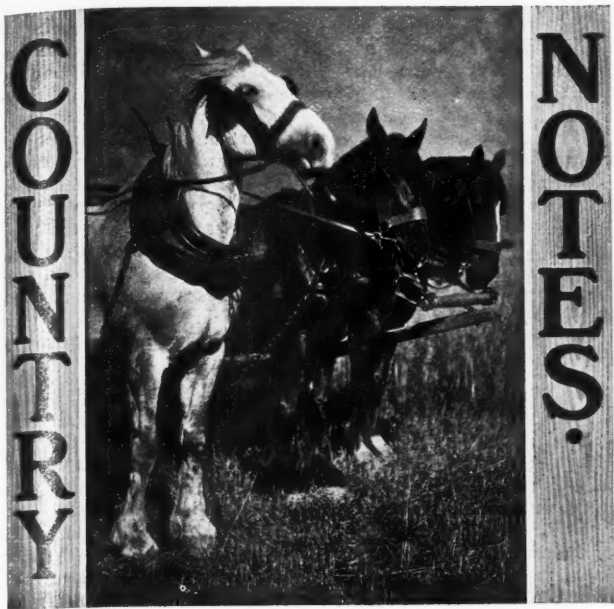
and we ought to deal with them "day and daily." In the eloquent conclusion of his book he says, "We ought to find a place for them not in workhouses or in other State-supported institutions, but upon the land, whether it be the land of Britain or that of her immeasurable Empire, which between them, were our poor ten times as many, could provide for every one." And at the present moment he holds, and, we believe, with truth, that much benevolence is uselessly diffused, and still more runs to absolute waste; so that what is needed is to concentrate it, in order that the condensed force may bring about the object aimed at. But, practically speaking, the point to be decided is how the combination of credit and charity is to be arranged. Mr. Haggard would divide the responsibility somewhat in the following manner: The State would guarantee the interest on loans, while use would be made of any willing, approved, and well-established charitable body to administer the loans and settlements.

It has been urged that Mr. Haggard's plan would amount to an endowment of the Salvation Army, or to the subsidising of a voluntary agency, and the critics go on to urge that the work should be done from start to finish by an Imperial Emigration Department only. Mr. Haggard's rejoinder is that the expense would be crushing, and the State would not be in such close touch with the men employed as the Salvation Army would be. This organisation has its emissaries all over the world, thoroughly well accustomed to dealing with them. He adds, also, with much common-sense, that the Salvation Army is in the position of sole tenderer. It has offered to do the work, and this offer must be taken or the thing given up altogether. He also points out that the Salvation Army enjoys the confidence of Canada and of other British Colonies. Another point dealt with by Mr. Haggard is the possibility of undue religious pressure being brought to bear upon the settlers; but in the case of Fort Amity Colony no religious test is used, and among the colonists are members of the Roman Catholic and other faiths. At Hadleigh the manager of the colony occasionally takes the inhabitants to the parish church. The Salvation Army shelters afford another illustration of the unsectarian manner in which its charitable work is carried on. When the poor wretches come to seek a night's lodging, it is not customary to ask them what church they attend.

But the main objection is that it will take so many people out of Great Britain, where they are wanted; and Mr. Haggard does not blink the fact that they will be the best. For the adult "dead-beats," "born-tireds," "breakages," "alcoholics," tramps, "hoboes," criminals, "sneaks," "half-wits," dissolute women, and the like he expresses no hope whatsoever. They are material for the missionary to work upon. No colony would receive them, nor have we any right to expect that it should. Besides, their mere presence would be not only a pollution, but a certain means of demoralisation. They may be left out of the question altogether, then. So also may the agricultural labourers. Mr. Haggard does not deal with the latter class here, because he has made up his mind that the only way to improve their position and keep them in England is by the establishment of small holdings. Our rural population has already dwindled to such an extent that it would be wrong to encourage emigration; but we have in our towns a number of able unemployed. As he says: "Every winter we see the same sights and hear the same voices, which, summed up, paint one picture and echo one chorus—heart-rending poverty, inconceivable misery, national degeneration, perplexity, and despair." Formerly the unemployed made their appearance only in winter; it was when the snow lay upon the ground that we heard their doleful chant, "We've got no work to do"; but latterly they have appeared in almost equal numbers during summer. They present a problem not only in the metropolis, but, as has been proved during the last few months, in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leicester, and other provincial towns. Now, as far as they are able and willing to work, they are the material from which successful colonists may be taken. Mr. Haggard gives some vivid examples from his own experience; one, of a widow with three daughters, who had to live on half-a-crown a week, earned by the eldest daughter. The woman died, according to the verdict of the jury, from "heart disease, accelerated by want of food." During the week preceding her demise the family had been fed upon "nothing but bread and dripping, and very often not that." Another is the case of a man with nine children, who walked the boots off his feet looking for work. Very pertinently Mr. Haggard asks, would not a family like that of the widow and this man with his nine children be better off in one of our Colonies, earning their livelihood in the open air? There can, we think, be but one answer.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Honourable Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of the late Lord Inchiquin and half sister of the present Baron. Her mother was the Honourable Ellen Harriet White, daughter of the second Baron Annaly.



It was expected that last Tuesday would be a fateful day in the history of the Peace negotiations, but it passed without any sensational occurrence. In fact, it left the world somewhat more assured, because if Peace negotiations are not broken off, there is good reason for hoping that they will prove successful. It is understood that Japan has offered generous concessions in regard both to money and territory, and Russia is evidently prepared now to meet her halfway. Common-sense would seem to point out that this is a natural outcome of the meeting at New Portsmouth, and we know that the Japanese as a nation are not prone to go off on a wild-goose chase, while Russia would scarcely have agreed to the meeting unless she was prepared to accept terms of peace. Equally inevitable was it that when so much bargaining had to be done a certain amount of bluff should be indulged in; but the end, for all that, is most likely to lie in an agreement. Indeed, some of the newspapers which are most trustworthy have already sketched out the terms that have been agreed upon. Probably they will be modified in the course of the next few days.

Although we have nothing to say here about the political causes that have led to the retirement of Lord Curzon, it may be permissible to say one word in regard to his welcome back. His original appointment as Viceroy of India proved to be good for our great Principality, but it was a distinct loss to Great Britain. Lord Curzon, it should not be forgotten, is one of our greatest sportsmen and travellers. He is also the author of several excellent books, and in society filled a place peculiarly his own. His gifts, amounting almost to genius, are, in our opinion, such as find their best play in the centre, and not at the outskirts, of civilisation. His personality, too, is a striking and fascinating one. Probably no two men ever lived who were more of a contrast than he and Lord Kitchener, and it could only have been by a miracle that they could have got on well together. Whatever be the merits of the present dispute, it is to be hoped that Lord Curzon will, on his return, enter Parliament, and both there and in society will once more fill a place that has remained vacant since his appointment.

It would appear that the whole Volunteer question is likely to be raised through the action of certain Scottish officers. It is in contemplation to hold a Royal review at Edinburgh on September 18th, and the officers hold that, if the War Office will not contribute more than is now done, each of them will have to pay from £100 to £200 to bring their men to the ground. The expense seems in danger of being increased by the difficulty found in getting men forward for a Monday review. Most of the Scottish railway companies refuse to run trains on Sunday, and, of course, it would be a great deal to ask them to upset their arrangements for a special occasion. Therefore, it becomes necessary to have the men at Edinburgh on Saturday night to be in readiness for the review on Monday, which adds considerably to the expense. The ground taken up by the officers is that they are far, indeed, from feeling anything like disloyalty, but that they really cannot afford to give the extra sum required. On the other hand, the War Office contend that they are doing rather more than they did in 1881, when a famous review was held before the late Queen Victoria; but to this the rejoinder of the officers is that, great as was the burst of patriotism on that occasion, they

have no right to depend upon it as the usual thing. No doubt the matter will be arranged so as not to interfere with the review on September 18th, but it can scarcely be otherwise than that it should lead to a discussion and decision upon this question of expenses. It is very hard upon the officers that, in addition to giving their time and energy, and paying their own not inconsiderable expenses, they should also have to be called upon to meet the extraordinary outlay incident to an occasion like the present.

At various meetings of railway shareholders held recently, complaint has been made that new means of locomotion are robbing the railways of their passengers. The electric tramways, in particular, have attracted large numbers of travellers, and the consequence has been a general decrease in the suburban traffic of the railway companies. Lord Stalbridge gave the figure of 741,200 as the decrease in the number of passengers carried by the London and North Western. Lord Rathmore said to the shareholders of the North London: "The decrease in our receipts from passenger traffic certainly remains a formidable factor"; and he ascribed it to the strenuous competition of electric traction. These things lead one to a certain amount of reflection. The London County Council is at the present moment meditating the expenditure of a large sum of money in laying down rails for tramcars. But are these not in danger of being superseded at an early date? The electric omnibus may very possibly in the near future supplant the tramcar. It is, at least, almost sure to do so in the crowded parts of the great towns; and in that case all the money expended on rails, overhead wires, and the rest would be entirely lost. It would undoubtedly tend to economy if local authorities would look ahead a little.

If it be true, as is announced, that Mr. William Carter of Parkstone, near Bournemouth—who recently purchased the old Woking and Basingstoke Canal—has decided to run a service of motor-boats on it for goods and passenger traffic between Basingstoke and Aldershot, the news is of importance to country people. The canal passes through a succession of flourishing villages and small towns, many of whose inhabitants have garden and other produce to dispose of, and it will be a very great convenience if it can be carried in this way. Should Mr. Carter's project be successful, it will, no doubt, lead to a revival in the use of canals elsewhere in the country. Between the two towns mentioned there is no lock, and that, of course, is a great advantage when motor-boats are being used. Perhaps in the case of other canals the engineers may be able to surmount the difficulty.

Sir James Crichton Browne's address at the second annual conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association is a document worth preserving. In it he lays great stress upon the advantage of living in the country as compared with the town from the point of view of health. He referred to the fact that Mr. Cautlie, after prolonged and careful search, could not find a single person whose ancestors, from his grandfather downwards, had been born and bred in London. The statement is almost incredible, especially in view of the improvement in the health conditions during the last century. Still, the fact remains a very positive one that the urban death-rate during the last year was 17 per 1,000, while the rural death-rate was only 12.9. To put the same fact in other words, Dr. Tatham has calculated that a man born in the country at the time of birth has an average expectation of living beyond his 52nd year, and every woman beyond her 54th year, whereas if they happened to be born in Manchester the man could only expect to live until his 29th year and the woman to her 33rd year. This means, in the words of Sir James Crichton Browne, "that each male had to sacrifice 10.48 years or 39 per cent. of his life, and each female 9.82 years or 34 per cent. of her life for the privilege of being born in an urban area." The case for living in the country as against the town could scarcely be put in stronger terms.

Mr. Vice-Consul Oliver has written a report on the German sea-fishing that is of considerable importance to Great Britain. It must be remembered that 40 per cent. of the fish imported into Germany are taken in British waters, and one would think that the policy of Germany would be as far as possible to encourage this trade, as considerable distress has been caused by the high price of meat, which high price is more likely to be enhanced than diminished in the future. It would, therefore, be a good thing for the poor people if they could be supplied with fish more cheaply; but as there is a heavy duty upon Irish fish, the development of the trade is in danger of being checked. The German Government, on the other hand, in all that pertains to investigation, is most vigilant, and spends about £20,000 annually for the benefit and encouragement of sea-fishing. The number of vessels engaged continues to increase, but has not yet reached formidable dimensions. It was 564 in 1900, and 623 in 1904.

An interesting feature about the lately-issued report of the Henley Fisheries Preservation Association is the light that it seems to throw incidentally on the movements of brown trout, or rather on their disposition to remain, more or less, in one place, without moving far, if they find themselves in conditions that suit them. Two hundred and fifty trout in all have been placed in the waters during the year, of which one hundred have been marked. Of these marked fish more than a dozen have been caught, all within a stretch of four miles. Only one was caught as much as a mile above the spot at which the fish were put into the water, and all the others were caught below, but none more than three miles down the stream. On the whole, the report is a very satisfactory document, for it shows that the past season has been a very favourable one for spawn and young fish, both in the conditions of the water and of the weather. On the other hand, it is pointed out that the increase of motor-boats is to be regretted in the interests of the fish, for they invade and disturb the back-waters and other places which used to be in some sort sanctuaries for the fish, and also interfere with the actual operations of the angler.

The sardine fishery appears to be something very like a failure again all down the coast of France, and the comparative scarcity of the sweet little fish is aggravated for the fishermen by the exorbitant prices which a "trust" is said to be charging for the so-called "bait," which is used to attract the fish to the surface where the nets can take them. Such pernicious human interference with a great industry, and a principal means of support of a hard-working people, it ought not to be beyond the reach of human wit to deal with; but it is to be feared that the real reason of the poor catches and of the consequent distress is that the sardines, for reasons which we are not able to perceive, are not visiting the western coasts of France this year in their normal numbers; and this is a condition of affairs for which no one, humanly speaking, can find a remedy. There is some consolation in the reflection that all past experience tends to assure us that this absence of the sardines is likely to be temporary only. It is not the first time that they have failed to appear in their usual numbers, and always after such a relative disappearance they have returned again the following year to falsify the predictions of those pessimistic prophets who were disposed to believe that they had altogether vanished out of the sea. But in the meantime the fisher-folk will suffer hardship, and the price of our sardines may rise.

Once more an attempt to swim across the Channel has been postponed, and those who were unlucky enough to be at sea on Saturday night and Sunday will not wonder at the fact. But a question that arises is whether anyone has or has not yet been successful in crossing the Channel? Many of those who have looked most closely into the question are inclined to answer it with a negative. At any rate, it is very suspicious that in our days of greatly-enhanced publicity, when an event of this kind is watched by so many critics—most of whom are impartial, and a few not over-friendly—no one has succeeded in this extraordinary feat. Those who are reported to have done so before probably had large allowances made them, so large that there is plenty of room for the cynicism which casts a doubt upon their success. It will be all the more interesting, therefore, should Holbein or another be able to accomplish the feat of swimming the Channel in front of so many spectators, that henceforth no one will be able to dispute the fact of his having done so.

It was surely by one of life's little ironies that the hunting stud of Lord Willoughby de Broke should have been stamped by a motor-car. Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is the Master of the Warwickshire Hunt, has made himself prominent as an opponent of motor traffic. It was most unfortunate that the accident should have occurred at all, but doubly so that the horses should have been his. The place where it happened is one of which motorists have a horror. The car was descending a very steep grade at Edge Hill, and something appears to have gone wrong with the brakes—exactly what will have to be elucidated at the enquiry that must follow. One of the horses had its leg broken and had to be killed, and the others broke loose and galloped across country. The occupants of the car were both badly hurt, and so were two of the grooms in attendance upon the horses. Of course it would be absurd to blame motoring generally for the occurrence. Several very bad accidents happened when steam was introduced as a motive power, but it would have been unfortunate indeed had regrettable occurrences prevented the development of the new means of locomotion.

The weeks of later summer are the height of the season for many of the largest and most beautiful of our English butterflies, which add a final charm to the pageant of the year, already showing many signs of flagging and waning. Most of

the early autumn species are fond of haunting the beds of stately garden flowers, which are now in their fullest bloom, while the Red Admiral, like the rare Camberwell Beauty, is strongly attracted by the juice of ripe and decaying fruit, and may be found even after dark settled on the fallen pears and plums of the garden border and orchard. But the finest butterfly display of the whole year is to be looked for now on the blossoms of the mauve devil's-bit scabious, which flushes wide tracts of waste meadow and hillside with its long-stalked blossoms in late August and September. On the swaying heads of bloom each insect is displayed to perfection, and where, as is often the case, there are several hundreds of Peacocks, Red Admirals, small Tortoiseshells, and Brimstones collected in the space of an acre or two, as well as a sprinkling of the scarcer Commas and Clouded Yellows, the spectacle is one which for sheer brilliancy of colour and grace of movement is worth going a long way to see.

The profession of architecture is rendered poorer by the death of Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., who died on Tuesday morning at his residence at Yattendon, Berks. Mr. Waterhouse was an old man of 75, and during his long career he has had to do with the construction of some of the most important buildings in Great Britain. Many of his best houses are in Liverpool. In London he was not quite so felicitous as he might have been. The National Liberal Club is certainly good of its kind, but the Natural History Museum and Dulwich College are not on the same level. A very noble part of his work was the restoration of colleges, particularly Balliol at Oxford, and Caius and Pembroke at Cambridge. Eaton Hall, which he designed for the Duke of Westminster, is generally regarded as the highest example of his building.

FROM A CARRIAGE WINDOW.

A land at rest, a fruitful land,
Where thick the yellow corn sheaves stand,
And mowers linger, scythe in hand.
A land at rest. Ah, why not stay
Where the silver poplars sway,
And let the swift train take its way?
Here shall greet yon pleasant store
Of country sounds, and country lore;
The village inn, with open door,
Will welcome you, the passing guest,
The land will give you of her best,
A fruitful land, a land at rest.

G. M. G.

Just at this season of the year it begins to be very evident to anyone who is used to the country roads that there is both a change and an increase in their perambulating population. It is just the holiday-time, by preference out of all the year, and the regular army, so to call them, of the tramps has an accession at this season to its ranks of all kinds and conditions of men. It is a not unpleasant and economical way of taking their week or two of holiday. You may see men passing along with the white faces of artisans whose normal occupation is an indoor one, or with the bronzed faces that are acquired by those who work in the base metals; but all are the faces of workers—of men who have an interest in life and a certain self-respect, in this particular distinguished sharply from the faces of the tramps whose sole profession is tramping. The difference is an easy one to read.

It does not seem at all unreasonable to suppose that the immense amount of electrical force which is being generated by the Marconi installations in the West of England, for transmission Westward over the Atlantic, and, again, the multitudes of currents sent in the reverse direction, would exercise a certain influence on the atmospheric conditions and the weather of our islands. At the same time, we find this suggestion supported by the weather conditions that have actually been experienced since most of these stations have been erected and the currents have been flowing. We find, for instance, that the rainfall in the West of England has been very materially below the average; we find that there has been an unusual immunity from thunderstorms, although there has been a certain amount of thunder rain; and we find that, while the barometer has been, on the whole, abnormally steady for a long period together, a good deal of bad weather has come with winds from the north and east; whereas the rule is that the bad weather is brought up from the Atlantic by the south-west wind. Of course, all these may be only so many coincidences; but at least they are worthy of note, and they make up in the total a body of cumulative evidence which is curiously significant in support of the hypothesis that all these artificially-generated electrical currents are really exercising a modifying influence on our weather.

ON THE DUNES.

A THOUSAND signs begin to show that the beautiful summer is wearing away into the autumn. The cricketer no longer has any Test match to look forward to, and even the counties are finishing off the last contests for the championship. Those who were fortunate enough to have a grouse moor to go to are now in their lodges in Yorkshire, Wales, or Scotland—miles away from the fever and turmoil in which they have been living for the last few weeks. Seaside holiday-makers are looking forward to the end of their rest. September is not a popular month with

them; and yet many of us love it better than any other month of the year. The approach of autumn brings a certain dreamy softness into the atmosphere which is seldom found in midsummer, and even the blue of the sky seems to change a little before the turn of the year.



W. A. J. Hensler.

AWAY FROM CROWDED BEACHES.

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Those who do not care so much for the noise and turmoil of the ordinary seaside resort—the band of darkies, the mixed companies on shore and promenade, and all the rest of it—might do worse in this month than betake them to some part of the coast celebrated more for its dunes than its beach—not that there is any necessary divorce between the two. Often one adjoins the other, and you may enjoy the most perfect solitude on the dunes when the beach is crowded with visitors. And no solitude is pleasanter; one's companions there are certain birds and beasts which seem to have a particular liking for the

wiry bents. Some little warbling birds, that have, however, at this season of the year grown quite silent, flit noiselessly from one tussock of grass to another. The rabbits love the seaside, and are to be seen at any moment popping in and out of their holes. It is well known that seaside



W. A. J. Hensler.

WHERE GRASS FIGHTS HARD TO LIVE.

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rabbits are better than those bred inland, which is probably due to the fact that everything near the seaside is more or less salt, the vegetation itself being permeated with it by the winds that have gathered salt from travelling over the briny waves. If anyone will take the trouble to compare the liver of a number of seaside rabbits with that of those which are inland bred he will be obliged to acknowledge the fact, whatever he may think in regard to the explanation of it.

There are few other furred residents among the dunes. Where there are rabbits the stoat and the weasel come, and the former may occasionally be seen chasing his quarry there, but in our experience this is no common occurrence. During the spring many sea-fowl come to breed—the wild duck in the most secluded of the grassy tussocks, and the sheldrake, or burrow duck, in the rabbit holes themselves. This most beautiful of our ducks, with its shining contrasts of black and white, wings its way over the head of the observer from bay to inlet, or will even approach him if he remain quiet enough. The eggs are often laid within arm's length of the mouth of the hole, and we have taken them occasionally and had them hatched out under a barn-door fowl, producing the most beautiful and the wildest little chicks conceivable. But in September the sheldrakes do not often come near the dunes. They and their family begin now to range much more widely for food, and seem to forget the burrows which were home to them once. In fact, at this season there is almost nothing furred or feathered to interfere with the repose of him who seeks the dunes. Even the larks that once sang cheerily above them have now, during their moulting-time, grown silent, and the wind only whispers its sorrow or croons its ancient ballad while it blows through the tall bents or swishes in the hollows.

Nature alone continues her unrelenting, unhastening work of building up these seaside hillocks. You may observe every stage of it from your resting-place on some commanding eminence near the sea. As waves slowly withdraw from the low, flat, level beach, so on a hot day the wind may be seen driving before it long lines of sand, like multitudes of tiny soldiers advancing in a row. The sand goes on increasing in bulk as it gets farther from the sea, and therefore more easily dried by the sun, and would travel inland were it not arrested by some of the impedimenta already heaped up. Where a few blades

of bent show that a plant has taken root, a tiny hillock of sand is heaped up; and where larger mounds have been formed, they are constantly being increased in bulk. Wherever there is an accumulation of earth, even if it be of the driest sand, vegetation soon makes its own foothold. It grows up at first in a form that is apparently useless to man; so dry and withered-looking is it that even the rabbits will not eat it. Nevertheless, it begins sending out little root tendrils, which knead the grains of sand together, and eventually the stock roots and sinks into the ground, forming a humus that in due time will support other vegetation. Here, as elsewhere in Nature, then, we see life growing out of death—the early pioneers being sacrificed to provide food and so forth for those who come after. It is a process that requires long years to complete; but every step may be noted in progress. There is first a little heap of earth, with its one or two dwarfed but hardy plants. Then the little heap becomes greater and greater, supporting an increasing amount of vegetation, till that which is covered with grass is almost as much as the area of sand. For a long while they are so intermingled that it is very difficult to walk over the ground. Even the tussock becomes almost buried in sand, and your feet sink for several inches at each step. Still, the day eventually does come when, rough grass being succeeded by that which is less rough, and that again giving place to something finer, the farmer arrives and finds it worth while to fence off the erstwhile dune and turn it into pasture for his cows. That is the history of many Lincolnshire fields which now are fairly rich pastures, and still have to be guarded by a high wall to prevent the sea overrunning them.

So much for the manner in which the dunes have grown up, and the manner in which Nature first takes a portion of barren earth, and after bringing it to a certain stage of fertility, allows man to take it over and complete the work she has begun. It may be regarded as but a trivial occurrence, yet the thinker will see that it typifies what must have been going on since the time when, the earth having reached a certain lowness of temperature, life began to manifest itself. It has not yet been agreed how life really arrived on our planet—that is to say, whether it was a miraculous gift, an accidental stray from some other portion of the universe, or a chemical result of matter acted upon by heat and moisture. But what we do know as well as anything can be known is that its earliest manifestations must have been



W. A. J. Hensler.

SAND RIPPLES.

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W. Rawlings.

A SEASIDE WARKEN.

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extremely simple. The imagination of many a scientific man has tried to picture for us the red, dusty plains that must have existed in the morning of life, when herbage was first beginning to show its green sheaths, and, perhaps, the earliest form of locomotory life began to crop it. Steadily through æons of time the work went on, till the atom of life, which probably was microscopical in size, developed into that latest and most finished product of the ages, man. Primitive work is still going on by the seashore, where, as we have seen, Nature is snatching the dead sand from barrenness and turning it into fertile fields; on the barren mountain-tops, where rain and wind are grinding the cliff into powder, the rivers are washing this powder down to the valleys, there to be mingled with plough-land and meadow.

The subject is a vast one, and still not so great but that, when one is seated among the bents on a summer day, with a soft wind wandering over them and whispering, the idlest mind may not take it up, at least in part, and think on the endless journey which appears to have been continuous from the beginning of the world until now. The conclusion appears

almost inevitable that, through the ages during which it has been taking place, an increasing purpose has been steadily and unrestingly worked out. The reason of man fails to accept the thought that so much elaborate preparation, and such undeniable evidence of purpose and advancement, could end in nothing and futility. There are greater things to come than any we have yet witnessed.

Often, however, sitting at rest among the dunes the writer has felt something akin to humiliation. At some places on the coast the encroaching sea goes steadily on, by day and night, unmaking the handiwork of man. There are places over which the sea ebbs and flows now that once teemed with population. Submerged are kirk and mill and market; at others, as by these dunes, the same force is elaborately building up for man what may ultimately become not only arable and pasture for his flocks, but sites for his houses and his churches. Slowly does Nature proceed. The little blades of grass and little grains of sand that have covered and concealed cities are here day and night at work bringing back the arid wastes to cultivation.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THAT a town has a personality of its own is a truism scarcely worth repeating, but few people are aware of the tenacity with which a place reproduces not only the same character of people, but even the same type of faces. We were much struck by this some time ago when looking at the figures in the ancient castle of Stirling in Scotland. Many of our readers will know the figures with which the walls are decorated, some of which were made for the fortress itself, and others are believed to have been plundered from a neighbouring religious house. However, the origin is not the point with which we are concerned just now; but the curious fact is that the faces and figures of these people might have been taken from a Scottish town of to-day, and they would be known to be Scottish wherever they were. It is true that allowance has to be made for the vast difference in dress and external appearance, due to the change of times, but otherwise the sculptor might have gone into the street of to-day for

his models. Often enough we bewail the changes that have taken place, but at the same time lose sight of the characteristics that have persisted during the ages. These reflections arose from a glance at a book now lying on our table.

In his preface to a new edition of *The Story of Edinburgh's* (Dent), Mr. Oliphant Smeaton says that he has almost rewritten the book, and that most of the chapters have been completely recast. But it will seem to many that the gun wanted both stock and barrel. Mr. Smeaton, though he is extremely learned in the details connected with Edinburgh, has not, it seems to us, quite caught the necromancy of what was to Scott "mine own romantic town." Edinburgh, by situation, no less than by tradition, is one of the most alluring of cities. The more is our regret that of recent years the jerry-builder has been allowed to carry on his business there to such an extent that there are miles of streets no more distinguished than are those of Glasgow, and if it were possible to reduce

the town to the commonplace, this would have been accomplished. But the Castle rock forbids the vulgarisation of Princes Street; as long as Arthur's Seat towers above it Edinburgh will not quite have lost its romance, and it could scarcely fail to be beautiful as long as by its side it has the winding and silvery Firth of Forth and the view over it of the "low Fifan hills," beloved of Robert Fergusson. Even its buildings, moreover, retain something of their glamour. The great mass of Holyrood, the Castle, and some little bits of the ancient wynds and buildings need no antiquary to explain their beauty. Nevertheless, it is true that for the last fifty years and more Edinburgh has been a merely provincial town, distinguished only by certain minor details from other provincial towns. It stands as a monument to show how the character of Scotland itself has been changed, how a frugal, pastoral people, inured to hardship and trained to labour, has been replaced by the same concourse of clerks and shopkeepers that people the huge provincial cities of England.

The change that has taken place, however, ought not to have blunted, but sharpened, the imagination of the historian, since it provides so many points of brilliant and striking contrasts. We need scarcely go back to the Dun-Edin of tradition, with its almost invulnerable fortress and its boisterous and turbulent population. Its early history is, indeed, most interesting, but the tale of assaults and captures is only what every other town of age and importance has to tell. Its special interest is much more apparent to the antiquarian than to the general reader.

We should be inclined to begin the modern history of Edinburgh in the reign of James IV., the ill-fated monarch who expiated his imprudences on the fatal field of Flodden. He was the first of the Scottish sovereigns to keep court in Edinburgh. Many have tried, but without success, to picture the dark streets of Edinburgh after the battle, when those who had splashed across the Tweed came riding into the capital, ruined, broken, and weary men. It was a terrifying incident to Scotland, and for some time after the city was occupied in finding means for protection in the event of the enemy trying to take advantage of the victory. During the next reign Edinburgh fell back to some extent from the position she had attained, though we are told that James V. was very fond of Edinburgh, and resided there during a great part of the year. It need not be said that he laid the foundation of the literary fame of Auld Reekie, and his adventures are well known.

When we come to the reign of Mary, a sudden illumination is thrown over the Northern capital. That striking and pathetic figure has given occasion for more writing than almost any other woman of history, not excepting Helen of Troy herself. Every detail that could be gathered up from the past has been placed before the public, and it was impossible to do so without figuring at the same time the town which more than all others she graced by her presence. At this time the Reformation was beginning to take effect, and under the exhortations of John Knox manners and customs were changing. Her son James VI. did not do much for Edinburgh; in fact, he was translated to England before he had an opportunity, and he had, at any rate, the Stuart disease of impecuniosity.

The union of the crowns took place in 1603, and between that and the union of the kingdoms in 1707 Edinburgh made little history. In the '45 we find the Queen of the North once more called upon to play an important part, and if nothing existed except Scott's inimitable picture, the main features of the town would still be familiar. In the eighteenth century Edinburgh assumed definitely the character which most of us associate with Auld Reekie. Her sons profess to call her the Athens of the North, and, it being days before even the stage coach was thoroughly developed, existence at Edinburgh was a thing altogether apart from that of London. Many travellers have left their impressions of the narrow streets, the uncouth inhabitants, the extraordinary sanitary arrangements, and similar matters. The intellectual character of the place, too, has been often and intelligibly described. In a manner it produced Sir Walter Scott, as before that it produced other writers who founded a school of poetry there. Perhaps the most interesting of these was Robert Fergusson, and in reading his life we obtain many glimpses of the Edinburgh of his time. This Mr. Smeaton scarcely glances at, but we would have thought that it might have been used as material for painting the habits of the people, especially the tavern life of the time. The Edinburgh taverns have had scant justice done to them. They used to be, it is true, places where a considerable amount of dissipation went on; at least, it is known that many who ended by becoming hopeless drunkards were shining lights in the company that assembled there. Still, we cannot help wondering that this should have been the case, because few of those who met to spend the night convivially had much money in their purse, and to the majority supper often meant nothing more than dried fish and a stoup of London porter. It is very unromantic to have to say so, but this beverage about the middle of the eighteenth century and onwards seems to have been a favourite one in Edinburgh taverns of the time—at any rate, amongst the poor. We

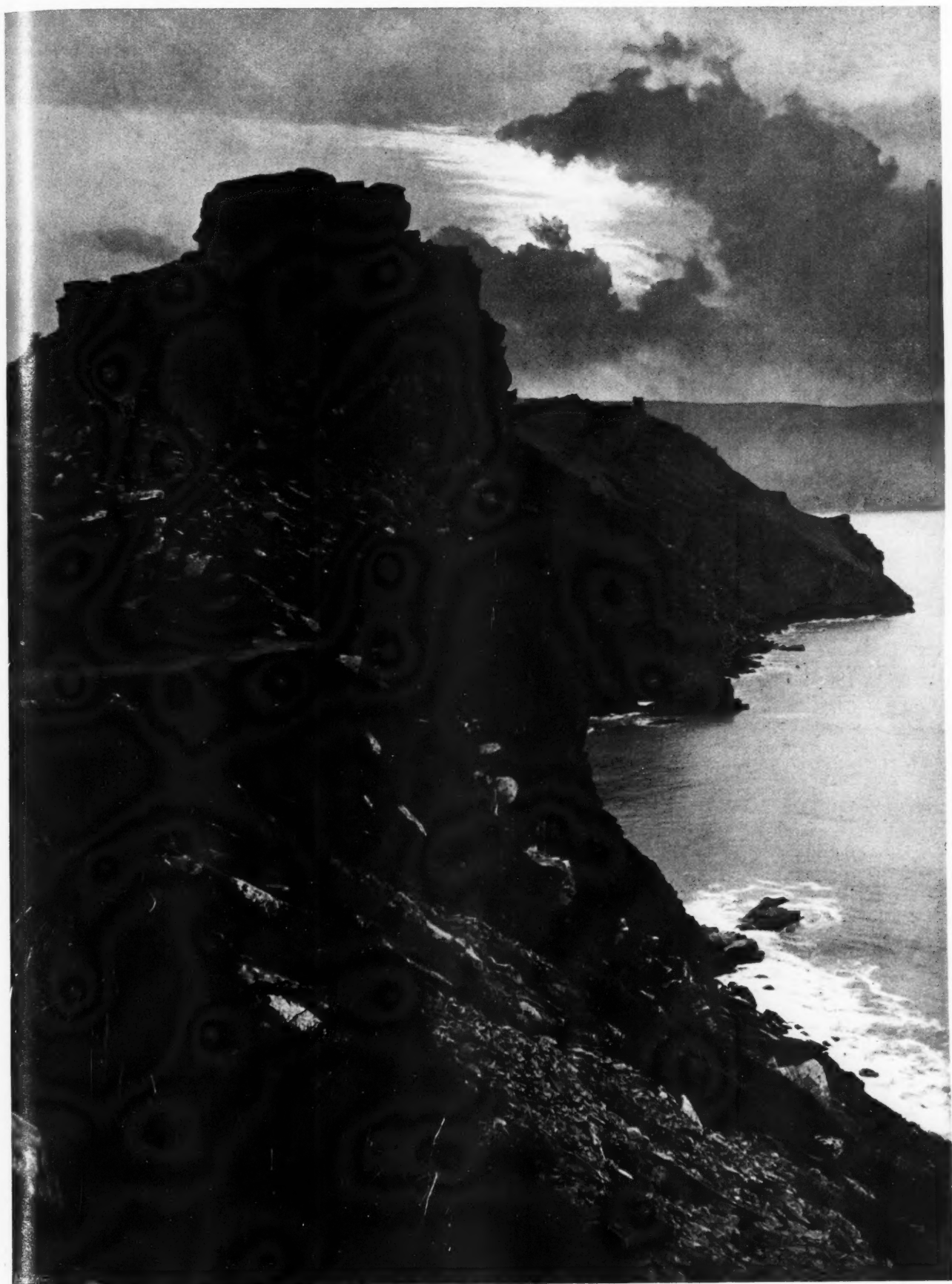
know that the rich had a fine taste for claret, and that the highland chieftains and lowland magnates had already acquired the taste for whisky which distinguishes their descendants. But the poor lawyers, clerks, and others who went to Johnny Howes aspired to no such nectar. They drank London porter, which was very aptly likened to the water of the river that flowed by the town.

Bad as was its character in many respects, Edinburgh never was more interesting than at the period when Allan Ramsay was making wigs and selling them, and when at the taverns there foregathered lawyer and poet and painter and tradesman. The intellectual circle then stood by itself not only in Great Britain, but in Europe, and when the poet Burns was for a time made a fashionable favourite he was introduced into circles as brilliant as could be found anywhere. There was always at the back, as it were, of Society the University; and the University differed essentially from the same kind of institution in England. From farm and manse, and even from the mud cottages of the labourers, lads came up to study, cultivating letters literally on a little oatmeal. It is all faithfully pictured in Carlyle's life: the poor lodgings, the sending backwards and forwards the clothes to be washed, the getting up of provisions from the small holding on which the Carlyles were, and all the rest of the cleanly, industrious, frugal life lived by those students, many of whom were to rise to the highest distinctions in the future. Practically the same condition of things existed from the early part of the eighteenth well into the nineteenth century; but latterly the class of students seems to have become richer, and there has been a conspicuous falling away from the simplicity of the lives that they lead. Poverty is no longer taken for granted in a student. It has been replaced by a very different thing, which is common all over the world, viz., hard-up-ness; that is to say, the want of money experienced by the spendthrift. Of course, we do not by any means wish to insinuate that the students of Edinburgh, or any Scottish students, are worse in this respect than those of any other University in the world. On the contrary, sufficient of the old traditions last to make them a shade better; but, still, the Scottish University has for a long time been gradually approximating to the English one in character. So it is with all the old glories of the ancient Athens. It has, practically speaking, no literary circle now, since London has engulfed all the talent of this kind. There are, of course, a few capable journalists on the very ably conducted Scottish newspapers, and there are many writing-men among the professors at the University; but these do not constitute a literary circle in the true sense of the term. The forces of modern life everywhere seem to make towards a certain uniformity and monotony of existence. Railways, telegraphs and telephones, and other means of communication have, so to speak, equalised localities, and it is difficult for one to be different from another, just as every newspaper which is supplied by one of the associations must present exactly the same news as its neighbours.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

SOME SHORE-BIRDS OF SUSSEX.

THE coast of Sussex is now so much more frequented than it was, say, forty years ago, that it would be scarcely selected as a locality in which to observe bird-life. Here and there, however, are yet to be found quiet nooks along the coast-line where a good many interesting species may still be found. While suffering from the effects of an accident which has deprived me of active exercise for a few weeks, I have been living under canvas in a quiet corner of the Sussex littoral. Here, with a pair of good field-glasses, I have amused myself by watching some of the various birds which frequent this part of the county. It is worth recording, perhaps, that the site of my camp is within sixty miles of London. First among the more interesting of my visitors are a pair of peregrine falcons which haunt the high chalk cliffs of this neighbourhood, as they and their forbears have done during many centuries past. Scarcely a day passes but I see them wheeling in majestic curves about the tall white cliffs, occasionally sweeping out over the blue sea, anon stretching away back into the down country, where they procure most of their subsistence. Yesterday I was aroused by their sharp cries, and for twenty minutes had the pleasure of viewing them in perfection almost overhead. The flight of these now rare falcons is certainly one of the grandest things in Nature, so strong, so easy, so calm, so confident, so secure. Passing over the little river, they presently betook themselves to the cliffs beyond, and I separated. The bird remaining was presently mobbed by a crowd of forty or fifty gulls. It is marvellous, surely, that so death dealing a raptorial as the peregrine should submit to be hustled in this way! Yet it does, and that not infrequently. Occasionally, harassed by its disturbers, the peregrine would make a dash or a feint and temporarily scatter its pursuers; but the noisy gulls never ceased to annoy it, and presently, tiring of the business, the falcon swept away into space and left the sea-birds in possession. Not seldom these peregrines, failing other and better food, will strike down and devour a gull, and the sea-birds look upon them, in consequence, as hated enemies. But more often I am inclined to think, from the evidences I have seen in this neighbourhood during the past ten years, our Sussex peregrines feed preferably on wood-pigeons, partridges, wild duck, jackdaws, and other fare. The wood-pigeons



W. Rawlings.

THE COAST AT LYNTON.

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takes a good deal of hunting, but the peregrine pursues and slays him pretty often upon the open down.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE SUSSEX PEREGRINES.

In spite of incessant persecution, peregrines continue to frequent the cliffs in this locality. Year by year they nest, and year by year they are robbed either of eggs or young by people of the neighbourhood, urged thereto by the desire of earning a sovereign or two. This very summer, I hear, the eggs of the pair I have been observing were stolen from them and sold to a "collector." It is to these wretched collectors that we owe the annual harrying of our Sussex cliffs. Nothing seems to stay their depredations; the Wild Birds' Protection Acts are as naught to them, and their power of purse—they are usually people of means—ensures them the prizes they are in search of. It seems a pity that these greedy law-breakers are not identified and prosecuted—it would not be a difficult matter to track them and bring them to justice. Their tools are well known and easily identified. Whether it be from a hind of South Sussex or a peasant of the Norfolk Broadland, the collector, by the display of gold and silver, is almost invariably enabled to procure what he covets, say, an egg or two of the peregrine, or the clutch of that now scarce British bird, the bearded tit. Our Sussex peregrines are occasionally shot, I am sorry to say. I know of one gardener who, within the last fifteen years, has slain four or five of these falcons and sold their bodies for miserable pelf—of course, to "collectors." Yet the survivor of these tragedies soon procures a mate again, and the great chalk cliffs hereabouts are never without at least a pair of these falcons. No creature in the world is, I think, more faithful to a particular spot than this noble bird. For untold ages peregrines have haunted this locality, and, in spite of persecution, they may, I trust, be able to maintain a foothold here—albeit, a precarious one—for some generations yet.

A PAIR OF CORMORANTS.

Yesterday evening I was amused by a pair of cormorants which frequent persistently at low tide a sloping snag of iron, the relic of an old wreck, which projects above the sea-water. Cormorants are only moderately plentiful along the coast-line here, which perhaps is just as well for the streams of the neighbourhood. As the tide turned and came up, towards six o'clock, the male cormorant flew heavily in from his fishing-ground and took up his stand on his usual resting-place, the topmost projection of the iron snag. There, spreading his wings and shaking off the sea-water from his dark plumage, he began to preen himself. Presently the hen bird came along and perched herself on a lower projection of the wreck. This humbler place she always assumes, well knowing, from experience, that her somewhat truculent husband will have the top seat. So the pair sat for the space of an hour, enjoying the low rays of the sinking sun, digesting their ample fish dinner, and attending to their plumage. Presently the rising tide reached the hen bird, and after a wave or two had shaken her hold she accepted the inevitable and dived into the sea, there to await the pleasure of her lord and master. The old fellow, meanwhile, sat stodgily on his higher perch, taking little heed of his patient wife. In a little time the sea reached him also; it lapped over his legs and feet and washed part of his body—still he hung on. Presently a heavier wave than its fellows struck the big cormorant full, and shook him so much that he hastily unfurled his dark wings and, with a sway and a flutter, just saved himself from being swept away. The hen bird's patience, by this time, had reached its limits. She knew that her husband would be unable to withstand the shock of the next big wave, she knew also that after quitting his perch he would betake himself to their usual cliff ledge for the night. She waited no longer, but rose heavily from the sea and flapped off. The male bird withstood the passage of a few more washes of the tide, then, cocking his head, he noted the approach of a heavier wave, whose buffet would, he knew, sweep him from his foothold. Rising from his perch, he winged his way after his mate and presently overtook her. Together they made a sweep seaward, then, turning, headed for the cliff, where, on a secure ledge, they are wont to pass the night.

THE RING-POLOVER AND OTHER BIRDS.

Always about the lagoons and the estuary in rear of my camp are to be seen small bands of that most dainty little creature the ring-plover. At all hours of the day, and often after night has fallen, I hear their plaintive, gently-shrill voices. They are by no means very shy, one is glad to note, the Cockney shore-shooter being, in this little-disturbed spot, not much in evidence. In fact, in most of the quieter places along the Sussex shore-line, wherever the nature of the surroundings is suited to their habits, ring-plovers are pretty sure to be in evidence. Just now the "dulwilly," as old-fashioned country people in some places still call this bird, seems to be alone. Towards

October it will be often seen in company with dunlins, stints, and other small waders. Ring-dottrel, by the way, although a misnomer, is a much commoner name for this charming little shore-bird than ring-plover. Herons, curlew, wild duck, and other birds are usually to be seen about my camping-place at some time during the day. In fact, we are by no means so badly off for wild-fowl in this part of Sussex as, considering its proximity to London and other lesser towns, might be imagined. Early in the summer a flight of whimbrel were about the estuary. With the dunlin and other waders they went North to breed. Gulls are always with us. Terns are pretty often seen; their wonderful diving feats—so neat, so sudden, so unstudied—are always marvellously attractive to the eye. This is a form of fishing that I, for one, never tire of watching. A couple or two of teal must nest in the marshes about here occasionally. Last August a coastguard shot one in this valley, and more than once I have come across them in the summer months. Teal, in my judgment, nest somewhat more often in South Britain than most people suppose.

H. A. B.

THE CAMERA IN THE WOODS.

PATHLESS or otherwise, there is pleasure in the woods to which few, if any, are indifferent, and there is, perhaps, no class of subject to which photographers more often apply themselves. Yet—because of the very nature of the camera process, combined with the user's innocence of those principles which govern other graphic art methods—a large number, indeed the majority, of woodland photographs fail to make much more than a transient appeal, if, indeed, they do not actually appear to travesty Nature. The decorative artist is not slow to tell you that Nature is a much over-rated affair, because, from his point of view, Nature is



A. Horsley Hinton.

A STUDY OF BIRCH TREES.

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utterly regardless of those rules and conditions which govern Art. Nature knows nothing of decorative design, and merely obeys a universal law of fitness and symmetry; but a picture must be decorative as well as suggestive and appealing to the æsthetic sense. The trees in the forest are scattered without plan or design, and the all-inclusiveness of the lens makes it difficult for the photographer to select and omit, and that is a fundamental principle in all art work. The painter focusses his attention on a single object, or a group of objects in such combination as to constitute a single idea, and on that his imagination weaves, and his hand carries out the mind's conception. Thus, he may create a tree, or a group of trees, possessing all the perfections of all trees, and he combines in one the elements of all, and produces that which, to the minds of his fellow-men, with whom harmony, balance, and design are instinctive needs, shall express his personal impression of the original. Neither more nor less is the painter's aim, yet many seem under the illusion that the artist aspires to produce a fac-simile of Nature or fix the image of a looking-glass. Obviously, the photographer is at the outset handicapped, and that in two directions. Firstly, his power of eliminating is limited to restricting the angle of his view; secondly, he cannot import qualities or features which are not present. The painter's art, free and untrammelled, imperiously takes or leaves, knowing no law but its own will; but the photographer must go halting all the way. Nevertheless, he has powers which he rarely seems to use, and may even be ignorant of their possession. He cannot omit, but he can suppress, he cannot create or add to, but, having first selected with fastidious care, he can emphasise what does exist, and so elevate the faithful representation to something possessing personal character. The photographer, however, usually decides on a particular view without asking himself why he has chosen it, or whether it is a subject which will, within his powers, enable him to treat it in accordance with artistic requirements. He is too prone to accept just what his camera yields him, with a passivity which suggests indifference, and so his photographs merely add to the great mass of mediocrity perpetuating the opprobrium which attaches to the term "photographic" in the eyes of the discerning.

After all, it is not that photographic means are so severely limited as that the photographer does not feel the necessity of over-leaping them. First, then, he must choose his subject so that, as far as possible, one tree or group constitutes the chief, if not the only, important feature in the view. He may do this by shifting his point of view. He may have to sacrifice some part of his plate, cutting off from one side or the other of the resulting print such objects as he could not omit. After all, mere size is of no importance artistically. If one were to sketch the scene, it would not be essential to employ every square inch of the sketch-book leaf. But, remembering that the purpose of omitting is that the attention of the spectator shall be concentrated on the principal group which is the motive of the picture, and not have anything to divert it, the photographer will find that he can achieve a good deal in this direction by subduing that which he would make less attractive, and emphasising that on which attention is to be focussed. A touch here and there on the stem of the principal tree, made on the back of the negative with a fine brush charged with water colour, will have the effect of giving emphasis; but this must be done with great care and with complete sympathy for the subject. That is to say, a touch of paint must only be placed where Nature has already indicated a high light; this touching up must only follow what Nature has already done. Where, by the darker image in the negative, a high light is indicated, that may with judgment be strengthened, and done in such a way that when printed it shall merely serve as a kind of local intensification, and shall not import new lights where no



A. Horsley Hinton.

TREE AND BOULDER.

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lights were before, because it is nearly certain to betray itself and prove false, not only to fact, but even to what might possibly have been. A trial print on any scrap of sensitised paper should be made in order to reveal how the hand-work is prospering. Suppose, then, that by cunning heightening of lights the principal tree is made to stand out from amongst the others, you will merely have caused that one to shout louder than its fellows; the latter will then need to be subdued, and this is not difficult to do on the finished print before toning. Placing the untuned print in a printing-frame having a piece of plain glass in place of the negative, decide what portions shall be shaded down, and then with brown paper or with a soft cloth cover all the print except those parts you desire to subdue; then, placing the print in the frame in not too bright a light, move the cloth about very slightly, so that the light shall not show a hard line where the print has been covered. In a very brief space of time the light parts thus exposed will fade away, and if you now look again at the whole of the print it will at once be seen how, in proportion to this shading down, the principal light becomes more conspicuous. Of course, in this, as in all cases where the operation is guided by the judgment and taste of the worker, the danger of error is as great as the prospect of improvement, and perhaps greater. It is very easy to overdo the emphasising of the chief lights or the subduing of the other parts; so that this control by hand should be done only to the least degree by which the desired change can be achieved. Moreover, the action of the light at the present time of year on a naked print is very rapid, and if the exposure be continued but a second or two too long, the print will be ruined. Great alertness, some resourcefulness in adapting the cloth or papers to the form of the objects to be



F. H. Evans.

LOOSE AND MELANCHOLY BOUGHS.

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suppressed, and the exercise of judgment are all needed, and then the difference in the undoctored print and the "straight" one will soon be appreciated.

Standing on the outskirts of the forest, notice how the tree trunks stand like pillars at the entrance of a house. Between them the shady glades beneath their own and their neighbours' branches are dark, as, indeed, the open door of a house looks. Consider, then, how much greater the exposure will have to be should we penetrate into the cool recesses of the wood with the camera. Moreover, the intense green colouring of itself demands long exposure, on account of its non-actinic character. In there, amongst the upspringing fern fronds, the delicate tendrils of bramble and briar, under boughs the leaves of which lie so lightly one on another, there is no such thing as a heavy black shadow; mysterious light penetrates everywhere and gives transparency to the darkest recesses. And so remember to give full exposures and thus avoid heavy solid shadows. But long exposures mean that there must be no movement; the slightest breeze stealing between the tree trunks sets the young leaves dancing, and no little patience is needed to watch one's opportunity, waiting with shutter, bulb, or cap in hand until, between one puff of air and the next, the fairyland scene before us rests motionless. Fortunately, the difficulty is minimised by the newer brands of exceedingly rapid plates, such as the Zenith, Red Seal, Speedy, and Salon; but because sometimes the sparkle of sunshine on the smooth leaf surface or a peep of sky between the trees constitutes sudden and excessive contrast, these rapid plates must be thoroughly "backed" if we would avail

ourselves of ordinary precautions against failure. Moreover, with a backed plate we can be much more liberal with exposure, with little danger of a badly-fogged negative. Care, thought, and such precautions and methods as are here mentioned should make woodland photography more successful than it often is, and the pleasures of it need no advocate. A. HORSLEY HINTON.

WILL ADAMS.

IN the history of Anglo-Japanese relations there is no more picturesque figure than that of Will Adams, the first Englishman to set foot in Japan. All that is known of his early life is told in one of his letters: "I am a Kentish man, borne in a towne called Gillingham . . . from the age of twelve yeares olde, I was brought up in Limehouse neere London, being Apprentice twelve yeares to Master Nicholas Diggines; and my selfe have served for Master and Pilott in her Maiesties ships; and about eleven or twelve yeares have served the Worshipfull Companie of the Barbarie Marchants, untill the Indish traffick from Holland [began], in which Indish traffick I was desirous to make a littel experience of the small knowledg which God had geven me." For many years the Dutch had been content with the carrying trade of Europe, but, at the time when Adams entered their service, they were trying to wrest the Eastern trade from their powerful rivals, the Spaniards and the Portuguese. In 1588 Adams sailed from Rotterdam in the *Liefde* as Pilot-Major of a fleet of



W. F. Harrop.

A NATURAL AVENUE.

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five vessels. The voyage was disastrous. Sickness broke out shortly after leaving Europe. The fleet was delayed so long in the Straits of Magellan that many of the crew died from hunger. The ships were separated by incessant storms, and several of the officers and men were treacherously slain by natives. Three out of the five ships never passed the Straits; the two that succeeded—the *Liefde* and the vessel which carried the Admiral—attempted to make for Japan. The *Liefde* was alone successful, but in so desperate a condition did she arrive that of the crew "there were no more than six that could stand upon his feet." The crew were made prisoners, yet they were not treated unkindly by the Japanese. Adams was brought before Ieyasu, the reigning Emperor, who viewed him "well and seemed to be wonderfull favourable." Ieyasu, the benevolent despot of Japanese history, had designs to create a mercantile marine, and recognising in Adams a man suited to his purpose, invited him to build a small ship. Adams, although confessing himself "no carpenter," built one of 80 tons, which pleased the Emperor so well that he encouraged Adams to build a much larger one of 120 tons, which proved to be so fine a vessel that, when it was lent by the Emperor to the Spaniards, they never returned it, preferring to send back its full value in money. Thus were the pioneer ships of Japan built by an Englishman.

Ieyasu was not ungrateful. He gave Adams "a living like unto a lordship in England, with eightie or ninetie husbandmen as slaves or servants"; and so famous did the Englishman become that he could proudly say, "I am called in the Japan tonge Augiu Samma (Pilot). By that nam am I knowen all the sea coste allonge."

But although honoured as no foreigner had ever been before, Adams was virtually a prisoner, and he longed to return home. Once when he had heard that the Dutch were at Achin, he prevailed on Ieyasu for leave to send a messenger to them, so that news of himself might be taken to England. The man was killed on the journey, and Adams had to wait. In the autumn of 1611 came the welcome news that the English had arrived in Japan, and to them he sent a letter addressed "To my unknowne frinds and Countri-men." Both for its historical and human interest the letter is valuable. In it Adams recounted his fortunes, and begged earnestly that news of him might be taken to friends and kindred, and more especially to his wife and children. "Therefore I do pray and intreate you," he says, "in the name of Jesus Christ to doe so much as to make my being here in Japon, known to my poor wife: in a manner a widow, and my two children fatherlesse: which thing only is my greatest grieve of heart and conscience. I am a man not unknownen in Ratcliffe and Limehouse." This letter came into the hands of Sir John Saris, who had arrived in the *Clove*, a ship fitted out for Eastern trade by the East India Company. Adams was able to render valuable aid to his countrymen in their dealings with the Emperor, and was persuaded to enter the service of the Company. In so doing, as it proved, Adams was ill-advised. His qualities were only imperfectly recognised by the Company's agents; his knowledge of languages and his influence at Court made them suspicious; Saris was not well disposed; and the Company had an evil genius in their employ, Edward Wickham, an able man, but "humoursome." Shortly after Adams had entered the Company's service, Ieyasu granted him the once eagerly-desired privilege of returning home. Adams, however, was deterred by some disagreement with Saris, whom he alleged had done him "divers injuries, the which were things veri strang and unloked for." What those injuries were we are not told; but it is more than possible that Adams was not over-anxious to return to England just at that moment. His imagination was fired with the idea of discovering the North-West Passage; Ieyasu had promised his assistance, and Adams had hopes of aid from the Company. "By my profession I am no shippwright," he had written; "yet I hop to make such shipping as shalbe necessary

for anny such discovery. Now men to sayll with only excepted, the peopell are not acquaynted with our manner. Therfor, yf your wourshipps hav anny such purposs, send me good marniners [navigators] to sayll with; and yf you send but 15 or 20, or leess, it is no matter, for the peopell of this land are veri stoutt sea men." Adams's opportunity of discovering the North-West Passage never came: the Company were unresponsive, and Ieyasu died in 1616. With the death of Ieyasu the schemes for the formation of a Japanese mercantile marine were abandoned.

Until the year 1611 the details of Adams's career are wholly gathered from his letters, of which six are extant. Some, however, are mere fragments, and only two are in his handwriting. After his employment by the Company the chief facts concerning him have hitherto been gleaned from the records kept by officials in the service of the East India Company. But for nearly 300 years there has been preserved in the Savile Library at Oxford a small collection of papers described in a catalogue of 1697 as "Memorials of a Voyage to Siam and China." When the Savile collection was transferred to the Bodleian Library, the papers were bound, and changed their title to "Journal of a Voyage"; they still remained unidentified, and it was not until a few weeks ago that they were found to be the original log-books of

Will Adams. The logs are written on Japanese paper, and relate to voyages made between 1614 and 1619. The first log begins on November 28th, 1614, and is of an unsuccessful voyage to Siam. The second begins on March 17th, 1617, and is of a voyage to Cochin China, the details of which are already known from the journal of Edmund Saris, preserved in the India Office. The third log is also of a voyage to Cochin China, and begins on March 9th, 1618; this voyage was quite unsuccessful, owing to the ship losing her rudder shortly after leaving Japan. The last log is concerned with a voyage to Tonkin, and begins on March 15th, 1619. The first log is by far the most interesting. Adams left Japan at the end of November for Siam, but his vessel, the *Sea Adventure*, proving unseaworthy, he was obliged to put in at the Liu Kiu Islands. The condition of the *Sea Adventure* must have been serious, for many days were spent in caulking her and repairing the sails. Adams pressed on the work, lest he should lose the spring voyage. But speedy departure was hindered by a mutinous crew, headed by the "bootsoonn," who demanded half the wages which were due to them on reaching Siam. In this they were supported by the merchant-passengers, who acted, as they assured Adams, out of "pittifullnes & compacione."

Adams very unwillingly gave way, but the mutiny continued for some weeks longer, owing to the efforts of the carpenter and boatswain. The work of fitting out the ship was also hampered by fighting between the crew and passengers, and one of the most responsible officers of the Company, Edward Wickham, is set down in the log as fighting with a certain Damian. The fight took place on February 22nd; not till March 21st does Adams note "this day was mr. Wikcam & Damian mad frinds." Little wonder that poor Adams was moved to record more than once that there was nothing to do "but walk mallincolly and meues [i.e., muse] solitari." And to add to his misfortunes he had to meet the debts incurred by his crew, who, when about to leave the islands, had no money with which to pay their "ost and ostesses." Adams did not succeed in getting his ship away until May 21st, 1615, and then he put back to Japan, arriving in the harbour of Cochi on June 12th, piously adding in his log "thus God hav the prayse we ended our troubellsom vyage." At the end of the log is a very interesting "remembrancer" of polite Loochoo phrases—the really essential phrases that every well-advised traveller seeks to learn, such as "I drink to you," "I pledge you," "Thank you," "You are welcome."

The latest date in the fourth log is August 9th, 1619. Nine months later Adams died. He was buried on a hill overlooking the harbour of Yokosuka, which by a happy coincidence is now



W. Cadby.

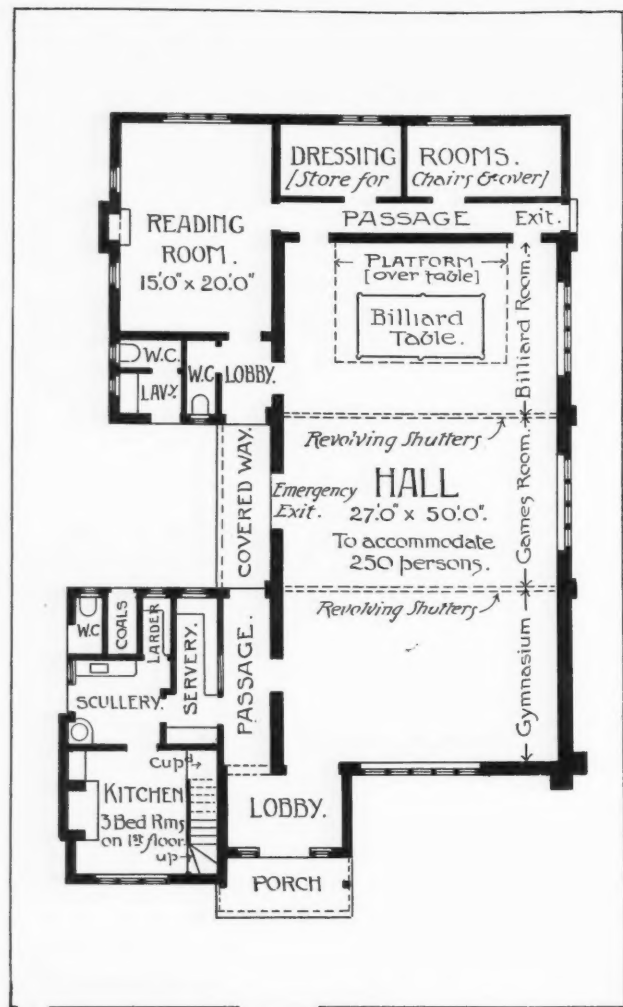
A CARPET OF FERNS.

Copyright.

occupied by the dockyards of the Japanese Government. But it would be incorrect to assume that Adams was in any real sense the founder of the Japanese Navy. The schemes of Ieyasu never really passed the experimental stage, and could not have influenced the later maritime policy of Japan. So, as it is, the story of Adams and his ships is merely an incident, a false dawn in the history of a nation.

A VILLAGE HALL AND CLUB.

IN a recent issue of this paper reference was made to the subject of the desirability of erecting in agricultural districts working men's clubs, where, in the long winter evenings, amusement could be found, and instruction and mental improvement provided, and in that way assistance be afforded to the movement for the repopulation of "the land." In pursuance of this subject we now lay before our readers a



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PLAN OF HOLMWOOD VILLAGE HALL AND CLUB.

plan and description of a Working Men's Club and Village Hall which has recently been opened in a village not thirty miles from London.

"The Holmwood," as it is locally known, is a beautifully-situated village some three miles south of Dorking. Some years ago, the then Vicar, the Rev. E. P. Wickham, provided a site for the erection of a working men's club, but the scheme remained dormant till, at the time of the Coronation, the present Vicar, the Rev. R. J. S. Gill, proposed that a sum should be raised by subscription to erect a building which should at once serve as a working men's club and a concert or lecture hall. Many difficulties, which need not be dwelt upon here, delayed the fulfilment of the scheme; but at last, on February 9th, 1905, the hall was opened, in a luminous and sympathetic speech, by Lord Middleton, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Surrey, and in the evening a capital amateur concert was given to an audience of some 270 people. The hall, as will be seen on reference to the plan, is 50ft. long by 27ft. broad. Two revolving shutters descend from the ceiling (above which

they are completely concealed), and, for ordinary everyday use divide it into three sections, one of which contains some gymnastic apparatus, much appreciated by the junior members of the club. The centre section is used as a games room, where chess, draughts, dominoes, whist, and bagatelle and so forth are nightly played, while in the third section stands a full-sized billiard-table, the gift of one of the inhabitants of the parish. Over this billiard-table, but not touching it, can be erected a stage, quite large enough for a small theatrical representation. When not in use the sections of this stage are packed away in a loft above the hall. Behind the stage are two dressing-rooms, and it will also be observed that a permanent reading-room is provided, where it is hoped that in time a nice library will be formed, the nucleus being already there in the shape of a copy of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the gift of the donor of the billiard-table.

Ample accommodation for the steward and his wife is provided, and there is a bar at which the usual light refreshments can be obtained. It is hoped that during the summer visitors to "The Holmwood" will patronise this department, as the committee look to the profits on the catering to help to defray the expenses of maintenance, which will not be met by the subscriptions of members. Adult members pay 10s. a year, or 2s. 6d. per quarter. Lads from fourteen to eighteen years of age pay only 1s. 3d. per quarter, or sixpence a month. It is hoped that by charging them such a small sum they will be enabled to reap the benefit of the club from the moment they leave school.

The hall was erected by Messrs. Rowland Brothers of Horsham from plans supplied by Mr. W. Tillott-Barlow, A.R.I.B.A., of Bognor and London. Every possible care was taken to keep the expenses down, and to do away with unnecessary ornament, and at the same time to make the most of the somewhat cramped space available. It will, perhaps, interest some of our readers to know that the whole undertaking, including heating and lighting apparatus, the necessary furniture and equipment, and 150 chairs, cost under £2,000. That the hall is appreciated by those for whose use it was erected is apparently proved by the fact that the members already number over one hundred.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE HOLLYHOCK.

WE have received a very timely pamphlet from one of the greatest growers of the Hollyhock of to-day—Mr. George Webb, of Messrs. Webb and Brand, who have a nursery of the flower at Saffron Walden, and showed a representative collection at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society. This pamphlet has been reprinted from the journal of that society, and gives sound and practical advice on the best ways of growing the handsomest flower that blows in the late days of July and throughout August. The single Hollyhock is flowering exceptionally well this year, and when it is grouped a rich effect is the result; but we have a lingering love for the fine double sorts which this firm always show and grow so finely.

Raising from Seed and the Best Soil—The following excellent advice is given about raising the plants from the seed and the soil to use: "The seed may be sown in the open ground at the end of May or beginning of June, when it will quickly germinate, and in a few weeks will form one single taproot. When these attain to the size of the little finger, each plant should be partly lifted with a spade, entirely severing the taproot, after which new fibres will soon be formed, and in a few weeks it will be in good condition for transplanting to the flowering quarters. The Hollyhock requires a good depth of soil, and in order to obtain the best results it is most important that it should be well prepared by trenching or double digging to the depth of 2ft. at least, leaving the bottom soil at the bottom, and if it be of a poor or light character a plentiful supply of cow manure should be incorporated as the work goes on. The soil being thus prepared for the planting, proceed with the work as soon as the plants are of sufficient size, bearing in mind that, if this can be accomplished by the end of August or the early part of September, so much the better, as the plants will be enabled to become well rooted and established before the winter sets in. Although the Hollyhock may be considered under this treatment quite hardy, I have known it to succumb and wither away when planting is deferred till later in the season. The plants require plenty of space to develop their large spreading foliage. They also like an abundance of air, which is indeed essential to a healthy growth, hence a distance of not less than 3ft. apart is necessary. Little further remains to be done but an occasional look after a grub similar to the one which attacks Lettuces and other plants during autumn. If left undisturbed it will work great havoc and mischief, but its presence may be easily detected, as the plant will show symptoms of flagging and withering of the root, being all but eaten through. It can be easily arrested by removing a portion of the soil with a pointed stick a few inches from the surface. Keep the soil well stirred by frequent hoeings during the spring months. Give a strong stake about 4ft. in length to each plant and tie the growths to it when necessary. Copious waterings with liquid manure should be given during dry weather whilst the buds are forming. A mulch of stable litter will also be of great service in assisting the plants to open their numerous flowers, and also in prolonging the flowering season. Thin out the buds where crowded, leaving them evenly distributed on the spike. When large flowers are required the top of the spike may be shortened, but in doing this the duration of flowering is shortened too. Remove all lateral shoots from



GLOIRE DE DIJON ROSES AND CLEMATIS MONTANA.

the stem, and where not required for propagating purposes, all lateral shoots from the bottom are better cut away, leaving one spike only to each plant. Continue the watering even whilst the plants are in bloom, should the weather remain dry, as this will enable quite the upper buds to open well."

The Disease.—It is important to have Mr. Webb's experience of the Hollyhock disease, which is apparently less hurtful to the plants than it was twenty or more years ago, when this noble flower was almost exterminated. Mr. Webb is referring in the previous paragraph to the propagation of the Hollyhock under glass, and we have always attributed the virulence of the attack to a weakened constitution through hasty propagation in a high temperature. "In propagating under glass it must be borne in mind that there must be no suspicion of disease (*Puccinia malvacearum*), since the somewhat close and damp atmosphere of a greenhouse is a most suitable breeding ground for its development. When plants are once attacked it is difficult to eradicate it; hence the raising of seedlings under glass for flowering the following summer is not recommended.

"There is another form of disease peculiar to Hollyhocks, which wrought great havoc amongst them in past years, and when prevalent was more destructive even than the puccinia of modern times, since it did not attack its victim until the plant was just coming into flower, and in some instances until actually in full bloom. Then the whole plant would wither and die in a few hours. No apparent cause could be attributed to this, the plants, to all appearance, being perfectly healthy during the evening, and by the morning were completely withered up. The late Mr. W. Chater attributed it to their being planted in new soil freshly broken up." Here we are quite in agreement with Mr. Webb. "I have not seen this disease for years, in fact, practically nothing has been seen of it since the time of the Hollyhock exhibitions; hence I think we may be safe in assuming it had its origin from overfeeding with undecomposed manure and other gross materials in order to obtain extra large blooms for exhibition. This, no doubt, brought about a disease at the root, as no trace of any form of disease was to be seen either on leaf or stem."

Preventing the Disease.—Mr. Webb writes: "With regard to the puccinia of to-day, I very much question whether any specific in the way of dressing has yet been discovered that has eradicated it; but as a preventive I have found nothing to equal a preparation sold by chemists to farmers for dipping sheep. This appears to be a mixture of tobacco powder and carbolic acid. A sprinkling of this on the under surface of the leaf in the early stages of growth is a great help in warding off the attacks of the fungus in question. It acts also as a means of keeping down the red spider, to which the Hollyhock is subject in dry seasons; but if the plant is treated as quite hardy in all particulars, both in raising the plants and in their after cultivation, puccinia need have no terrors."

NEW SCARLET AND CRIMSON HYBRID
TEA ROSES.

In a communication sent to the writer by Mr. Goodwin about Roses in general the following interesting remarks occur on "new scarlet and crimson Hybrid Teas," two colours of which we can scarcely have too much in the garden. It will be well worth the while of Rose-lovers to note them for autumn planting.

The Dandy.—"Messrs. Paul and Son of Cheshunt are on the right track with The Dandy, which is a seedling from Bardou Job, probably crossed with Horace Vernet; at any rate, the flower closely resembles the latter, only in miniature. The flower is a glowing maroon crimson and fragrant. The plant grows well, as I saw it at Cheshunt both as a maiden and a cut-back, though it is rather addicted to mildew.

George Dickson.—"Messrs. A. Dickson and Sons have a trump card to play with George Dickson, a fine, large, deep glowing crimson Hybrid Tea, with well-formed leathery petals. It was first exhibited at Leicester Abbey Show in August, 1903. It is to be hoped that it will prove a good grower. But the greatest acquisition of all is Mr. Hugh Dickson's

J. B. Clark, which created a sensation at the National Rose Society's exhibition at Regent's Park Show, where it obtained the silver medal for the best Hybrid Tea in the nurserymen's classes. It will be remembered that this Rose gained a gold medal at the National Rose Society's autumn show last year, but several friends tell me that the blooms were not so fine as those shown at Regent's Park. I was fortunate enough to see the fine box of nine blooms just after it had been judged, and can safely say that I have never seen a crimson Rose to equal it. The following is the raiser's description of

it: "The growth is strong, upright, very vigorous, making a large and handsome bush; the foliage is broad and stout, bronzy green in the young state, changing to dark green with age. The blooms are very large, and beautifully formed; the petals, which are very smooth, are of great size and depth, flower very full and elongated, with high pointed centre. The colour is unique amongst Roses, being intense deep scarlet, heavily shaded with blackish crimson, the petals carrying a deep rich bloom like a plum, giving to the expanded flower a glistening sheen indescribably beautiful. Its great depth and brilliance of colour, its splendid vigour of growth, its freedom of bloom, and fine, bold, handsome foliage, at once stamp it as the one thing wanting amongst Hybrid Teas." Our personal experience is that the description is a true one.

ROSE GLOIRE DE DIJON AND CLEMATIS MONTANA.

The illustration shows two of the most beautiful climbing plants in English gardens. The Clematis is to the spring what the Rose is to the summer, both bearing a wealth of flowers, which unfortunately in the case of the Clematis have a brief existence. When it is in bloom, nothing is more beautiful. The large spotless white flowers hide all growth, and a fairy mantle falls gracefully from pergola, wall, arch, and wherever the plant is placed. Gloire de Dijon Rose is too familiar to describe. It will always be a Rose of the people, for is it not happy almost everywhere, in the Southern garden where the climate is genial and life giving, and in the suburban plot of the Londoner? It seems to enjoy existence in both places, and in summer there is a fresh beauty in the flowers when the hot sun dyes them with a warm rosy tint so unlike the yellow shade of the early year that it is difficult to believe the variety is the same. We enjoy the flush of rose on the fragrant petals.

NATURE PRINTING.

NATURE printing, or the art of printing directly from a natural object, is little known, and seldom, if ever, used by scientists or explorers. This seems strange when we know that an exact reproduction can be made easily from any object suitable for the purpose. Perhaps the only way in which Nature printing is used systematically and to good effect is by the police, who have for years watched for and collected Nature prints made unintentionally, and without any hope of helping either art or science, by burglars, etc., who have left prints of fingers, hands, or boots on any medium ready for their use; though in the case of warfare we read of it being used in the eleventh century when Hereward shod his horses backwards, so as to leave Nature prints of their hoofs which would lead his enemy astray. In the case of leaves and botanical specimens a print from a leaf, a flower, or even a whole plant can be made in a few minutes which for accuracy will defy the pencil of the finest draughtsman. If some of our explorers and travellers in unknown lands could bring back with them Nature prints of plants seen and



BLACK CURRANT.

collected by them, I venture to state that these prints would be far more valuable from a scientist's point of view than many of the amateurish drawings which cannot be depended on for either accuracy or truth, and I believe the process would be an easier and more sure way of bringing home records than the usual way of bringing dried specimens, which are both cumbersome to travel and very perishable.

In the case of Nature printing from butterflies and moths the same advantage is gained. We all know what a perishable article a mounted butterfly or moth is, but a print from either of these, if treated in the right way, is as easily carried and as imperishable as an ordinary water-colour drawing; so that a collection of these prints may be made and mounted in an album, where there need be no fear of lice or other marauders working havoc among hard-earned specimens. In prints from butterflies the whole beauty of the wings of the insect will be shown, each colour brilliant, and even the beautiful sheen of the feathers (as seen in the purple Admiral) shown to perfection.



BLACKBERRY.

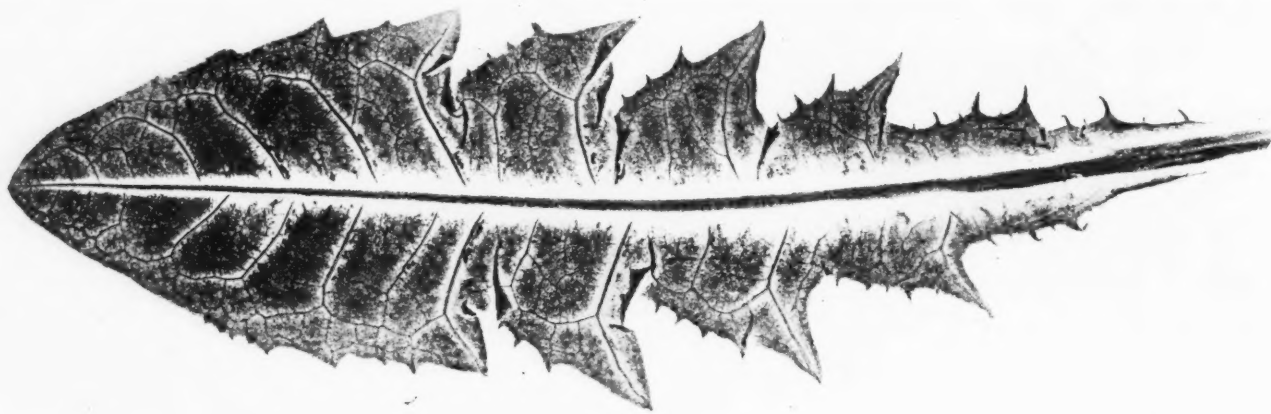
Another great advantage gained is being able to take three prints from one butterfly, one of the upper, one of the lower sides of the wings, and one afterwards of the venation of the wings, the last being all-important to entomologists, as the distinctions between the genera are founded mainly on the arrangement of the veins of the wings. In the case of printing from butterflies, some draughtsmanship is certainly required to fill in the bodies, legs, etc., which I will afterwards explain; but this may be done with accuracy from the

To take a print from a leaf or plant, all that is required is a tube of oil colour, a dab made of cotton-wool and covered with fine linen or wash-leather, and some paper, which should not be thick, but thin and pliable. Put the colour on to a piece of paper or cardboard, and use the dab until the colour is evenly dis-



VINE.

persed over a large enough area to take the whole leaf. Then lay the leaf upside down on the paper and apply the paint with the dab to the underneath side of the leaf; it is from the lower side of the leaf that the print is to be taken. Care must be used in getting the colour evenly applied all over the leaf, or a blotchy print will be the result. When this is done, arrange the leaf carefully on a piece of paper in the form in which you wish to take a print, the leaf still being kept upside down. Place a piece



DANDELION.

fresh body, which will give a result as good as, if not far better than, that of the shrivelled-up carcasses of the specimens shown in most of our museums.

As to the prints from the sections of rushes, reeds, etc., they are easily made, and I was told by a great observer of Nature and a good botanist (Mr. J. Price, author of "Old Price's Remains") that a good botanist could identify any species of rush by a print of the section. There are, in fact, innumerable cases



MOUNTAIN RUE.

in which Nature printing is of the greatest help; for instance, I wanted at one time a reproduction of a bat's wing. By treating it in the same way as the leaves and flowers are treated, I obtained a fine print, which not only gave all the bones, but all the principal muscles.

of paper over the leaf, hold it rigid, and rub it on to the leaf with the ball of the finger, and your print is taken. The colour of the prints may, of course, be varied, with very pleasing results. I have found that, in the case of taking a print of a large specimen, if the specimen is partially withered or limp, it is far easier to manipulate and arrange on the paper. To take a print of a section of a reed or other stalk, water colour must be used. With a sharp knife or razor, cut the reed across, dab a little colour on to the end with the ball of the finger, and print from it as if using a rubber stamp. Nature printing from butterflies and moths is by far the most interesting and beautiful of all Nature printing, and requires more skill and care than any other, more especially when the operator has only one specimen of a valuable species to print from, and he knows that no second print can be taken from the same specimen. Still, I have had very few failures, and much may be done by touching up with a fine brush and water colours should the specimen be a poor one. The print from a butterfly is no reproduction, but part of the insect itself, the colouring matter used being the feathers of the butterfly. The wings must first be cut off as close to the body as possible, and the body laid aside for further use. Cover a piece of paper with gum of the ordinary thickness, arrange the wings on the gummed paper in the correct positions, then double over the paper, so that both sides of the wings are in contact with the wet gummed paper. The gum must not be allowed to get tacky, or there will afterwards be trouble in



WEEPING ELM.

getting the paper apart. Put the folded paper, with the wings between it, on a pad of several thicknesses of blotting paper, and rub it with a hard smooth tool. I find the handle of a tooth-brush as good as anything.) Open the paper, and if you have at all succeeded you will find the whole of the feathers off the wings, and beautiful prints of both upper and under sides of the wings on your gummed paper. When the gum is dry, use the body to copy from. Copy it accurately in water colour between the wings, and when that is finished, if the print be required for much handling, spray it with "Fixative," a solution of shellac in spirits of wine, used by artists for fixing pencil and charcoal drawings. Should there be much white on the butterfly, a tinted paper may be used, which, if properly chosen, will show the print up well. The reproductions here of butterfly prints naturally lack all their charm, as the colour cannot be reproduced. To take a print of the venation of a butterfly's wings the wings should be wiped perfectly free of feathers, and then treated in exactly the same way as a leaf or flower, only that the colour may be used in a slightly more liquid form. A.

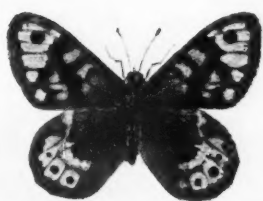
THE HABITS OF YOUNG SALMON.

ONE of the most interesting papers that have been published for some time on the life history of the young salmon is to be found in the fourth appendix to the twenty-fifth report of the Fishery Board for Scotland. Mr. Calderwood gives in it the results of the observations that have been made at the fresh-water ponds at Tugnet, at the mouth of the Spey, which the Duke of Richmond has established. They throw considerable light on the habits of salmon, and are perhaps more important from the point of view of what they do

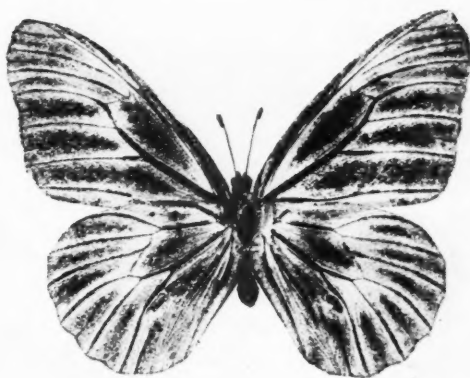
not tell us than of any other. In considering the results, Mr. Calderwood's caution must be borne in mind, that, "in these observations, we are dealing with distinctly artificial conditions, induced in confinement, and coupled with a

plentiful supply of food." But, after making every allowance for these artificial conditions, which no doubt affect very considerably the details of the experiments, there remain certain general points of the highest interest.

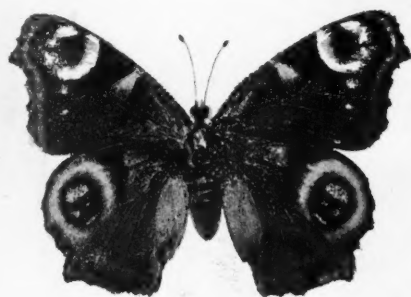
The first is with regard to the temperature of the water. It has long been recognised that temperature affects the feeding habit, and also the migratory habit, of salmon; but these observations go to prove that salmon fry will only feed with the temperature between certain points. In this case the fish fed well if the temperature did not vary more than 15deg. (50deg. to 65deg.); if it dropped either below or rose above these limits the feeding fell off, while if it either fell or rose 5deg. the feeding ceased. Most likely these particular figures would not apply to fish in a natural state; but the rule to be deduced from the figures probably does, and if so it has a most important bearing on questions of stocking; for if the river temperature for the first twelve months of the life of the fry is subject to very violent changes the result is that the fish do not thrive, and if the fish do not thrive all calculations with regard to them are upset. It is quite possible that the variations which are found in the habits of salmon may be due to the river being subject to violent changes of temperature, while on a river with a uniform temperature the normal state of things would be found. It must be remembered that the growth of the fish depends entirely upon feeding. It is clearly shown in these observations that, at all events during their first year of life, "when the feeding is slight, the growth is correspondingly little." If, therefore, from the variation of temperature, the fish feed less and grow less, it



WALL BUTTERFLY.



VENATION.



PEACOCK.



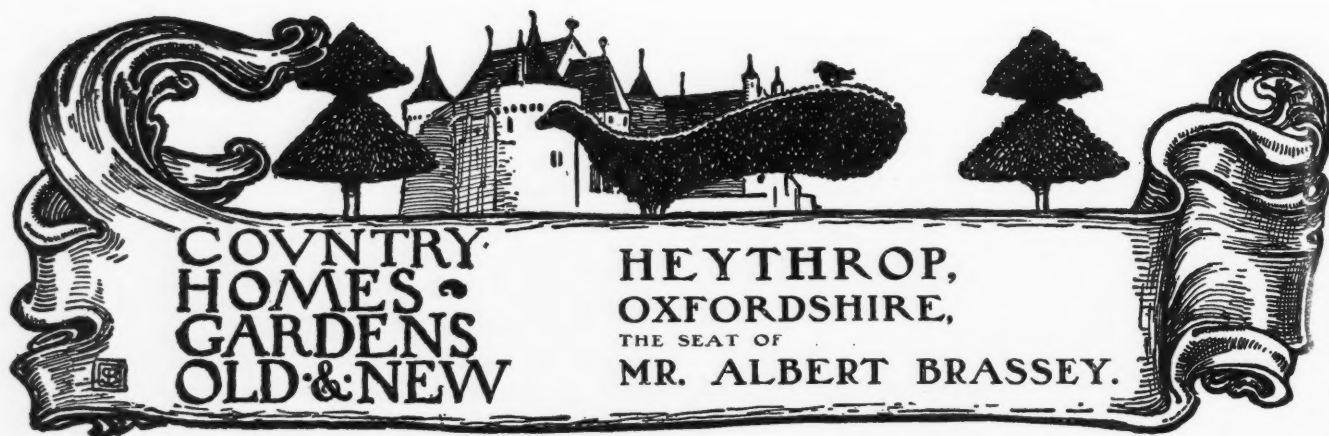
RED ADMIRAL.

becomes a question whether this disinclination for food affects the number of fry that assume the smolt dress at the end of the first year. These observations state that only a small proportion of the fry are ready to go in the second May after their birth when they have entered on the second year. Is it that those who are ready are the stronger and better feeders? There is but very little reliable information as to the temperature of our inland rivers, and still less on its variation. Some years ago the British Association carried out some observations on the point, but they were far from being on such an extensive scale as is required to meet the point here raised, that salmon fry will only feed if the temperature is between certain limits, a variation of some 20deg. If this is a correct view, it should introduce very important considerations into salmon preservation. Although there are no precise observations as to the temperature of our rivers, yet certain facts are known, two of the most important for the present purpose being (1) that the less a stream is disturbed the more uniform the temperature; (2) that a freshet is the disturbing element which produces a variation in temperature. It by no means follows that a freshet lowers the temperature, on the contrary, it sometimes raises it; all that is clear is that it brings about a variation. There is no reliable information as to what the extent of the variation is and whether it varies with the height of the freshet. What is wanted are some observations to give the variation in temperature caused by freshets, so as to compare it with the variation in temperature as affecting feeding. If these any way correspond with the growth

and migration of smolts, a very important point will be established. This may be the clue to why, in rivers flowing into the same estuary, the habits of the salmon that are found in them differ, the migration of the smolts occurring at different periods; and it may in time be possible to get at some such rule as that the duration of the stay of salmon fry in the river before their first visit to the sea is dependent, among other causes, on the variation in temperature of the stream in which they are bred. This question of the migration of the smolt by no means exhausts the points arising out of this paper. The observations state that the fry that remain in the pools and are not allowed to go to the sea in the May of the second year in October become ripe for spawning, and that the milt has been used to impregnate ova. It is suggested that they have the "ascending and spawning instinct of the adult fish." This must mean that the fish at eighteen months is fit to breed. This was the view of the older authorities of fifty years ago, who held that the smolt went to the sea in May and returned a grilse in October, but that view has not been approved by accurate observation. These, however, seem to resuscitate it. But there are a number of points which require to be considered before it can be accepted. It is well known that the milt is developed in male salmon fry at this time, and that this milt will successfully impregnate ova, but no observations have as yet gone to show that in their natural state salmon fry before their first visit to the sea take on the habit of adult fish and ascend the streams in the autumn.

Such observations as there are go rather the other way, and tend to show that in a pool in which there are trout and samlets the trout work up the brook in the autumn, but to a large extent the salmon fry remains stationary. This is a point on which further observations would be most desirable, so that it might be clearly ascertained if samlets have the ascending instinct before they visit the sea. Should this really be proved it also will have a very important bearing on salmon preservation

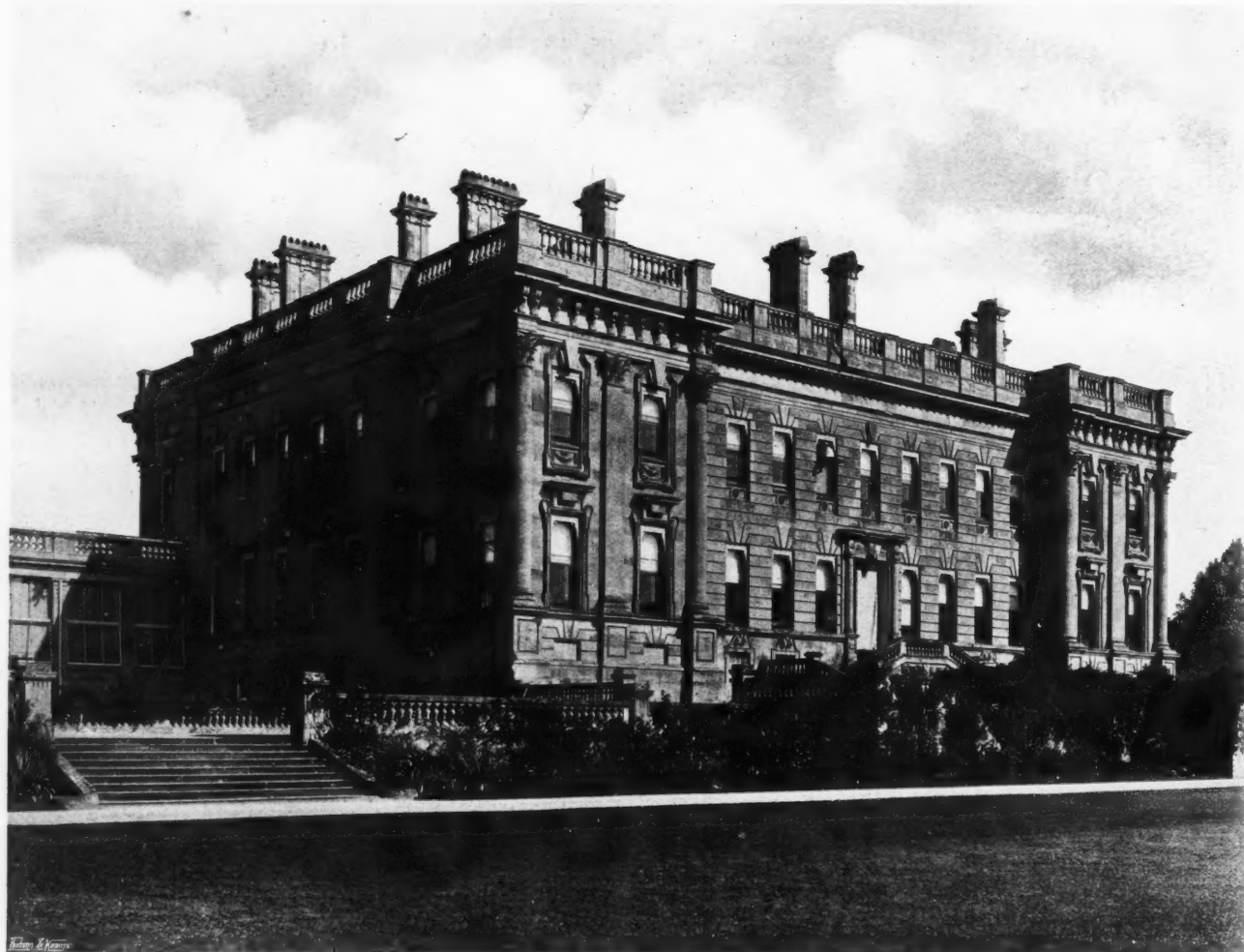
J. W. WILLIS BUND.

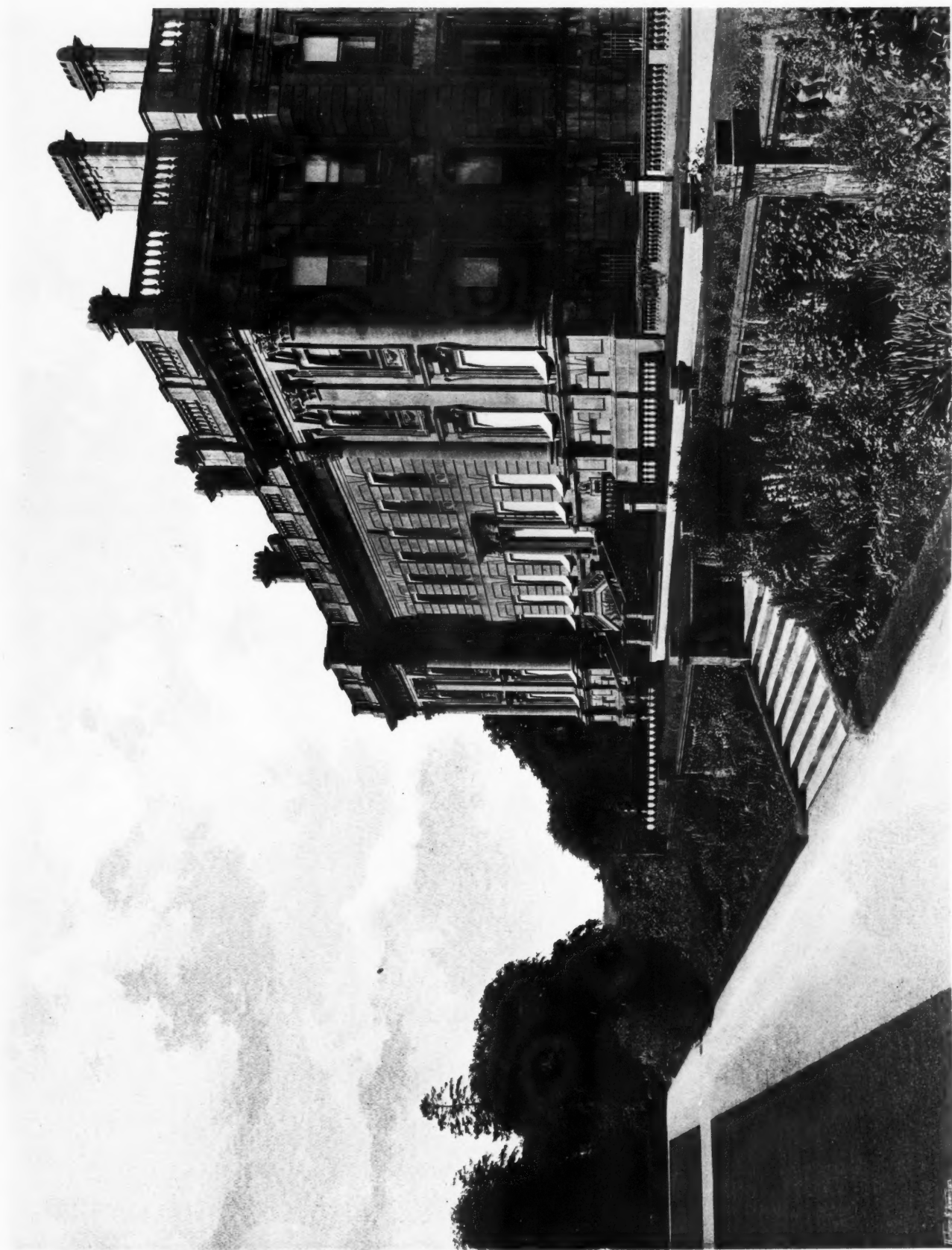


MR. ALBERT BRASSEY'S stately house of Heythrop (or Heythorpe), standing in one of the most beautiful parts of Oxfordshire, some seventeen miles from the great seat of learning, has replaced another most stately house, which perished in 1831 under the destructive rage of fire. Nothing that art or culture could supply has been wanting to either of these houses, and we may hope that Mr. Brassey's admirable treasure-house will ever be spared the fate which overtook the noble mansion built by Charles Talbot, fifteenth Earl and first and only Duke of Shrewsbury. In Neale's "Views of Seats" will be found a picture of the house which perished, accompanied by a description, from which the following account of it is extracted. At the time when Neale wrote, Heythrop was the seat of John Talbot, nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, but was occupied by the Duke of Beaufort, during whose tenancy the disastrous fire subsequently occurred. Neale speaks, as we may speak to-day, of the open, varied country, with its agreeable diversity of wood, water, hill, and vale, which surrounded the house. He says that the Duke of Shrewsbury employed Robert Archer as his architect, and that the work was in progress in and about the year 1705. We may remark incidentally that this Duke had been in arms with the Prince of Orange in 1688, and was, indeed, one of the

seven signatories of the invitation to that Prince to come over to England. He was taken into high favour, and, besides being raised to the dukedom, held many great offices, being at various times Ambassador to Paris, Viceroy of Ireland, Lord High Treasurer, Groom of the Stole, and Keeper of the Privy Purse in the reigns of William, Anne, and George I. He married, in Italy, the reputed daughter of one Marquis Paleotti, which lady was described by Lady Cowper as "the most cunning designing woman alive." The match brought her husband no credit, and he left no heir to his dukedom, while the ancient earldom passed to a cousin, who was, or became, a priest of the Church of Rome, and never assumed the title.

But to return to Neale's description of Shrewsbury's house. He says it was approached by an avenue nearly two miles in length, planted with forest trees, interspersed with clumps of pines, this road, which was almost unrivalled, leading to the grand or northern front, "built from a model brought by His Grace from Rome." This front was of fine Corinthian character, with a lofty portico, architrave, and cornice, and a balustrade surmounted the whole structure, which was connected with wings by an open screen. The south front had a double ascent, and was adorned with columns. The hall was lofty, its floor laid with white and black marbles, and it opened to noble apartments right





THE SOUTH-EAST ANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

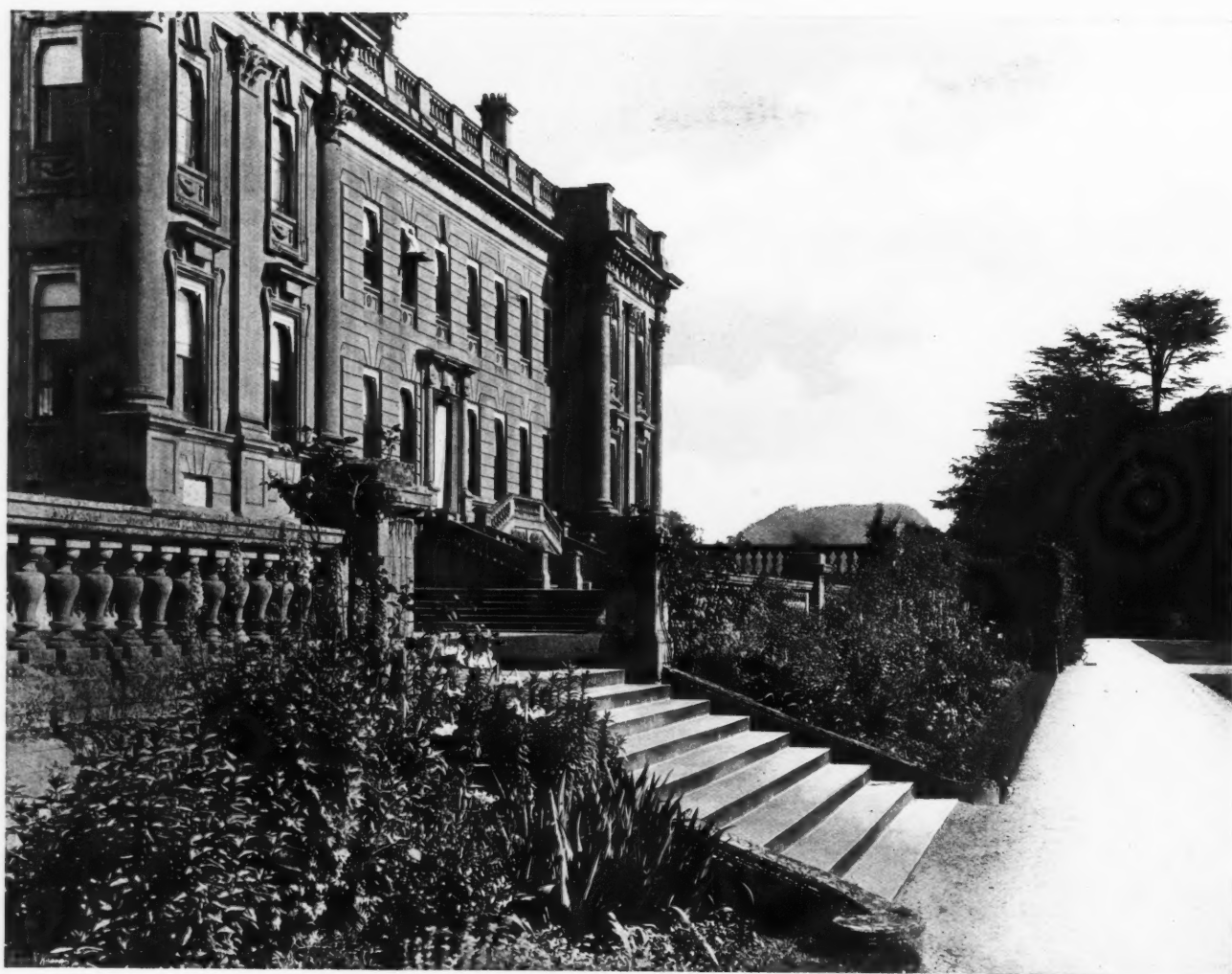
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ARCADE, EAST SIDE OF HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

SOUTHERN TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

BY THE ROCK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and left. There was a great library 83ft. long, with recesses for bookcases and medallions of Homer, Plato, Thucydides, Cicero, Shakespeare, and Inigo Jones. The gallery was a fine apartment which commanded a view of the park and the country beyond, while one door opened to the terrace. The drawing-room was great and spacious, hung with emblematic tapestry, and with a beautiful marble chimney-piece, and the small drawing-room was equally attractive. "A Gothic chapel is now erecting at a short distance from the mansion, which, when complete, is intended for the use of the family and his lordship's Catholic tenantry." This object had a very picturesque appearance from many situations in the park, as well as from the high road from Enstone to Chipping Norton. We may remark that the existing church of St. Nicholas, designed by Sir A. W. Blomfield, and built entirely at the cost of Mr. Albert Brassey, was erected partly from the ruins of the chapel which Neale describes. It is a very beautiful structure.

Neale concludes his description by a reference to the broad and smooth lawn, bordered by groups of shrubs and trees judiciously planted, the vista to the village of Church Enstone, the ample woods, the great

conservatory with its peaches and nectarines, and the vines, which had produced as many as 6,800 bunches of grapes.

After the destructive fire of 1831, the Earls of Shrewsbury took up their residence at Alton, where one of them "made the desert smile," and for almost forty years the picturesque ruins of their Oxfordshire house remained charred by the devastating flames, and sheltered by the umbrageous depths of the park, while cedars and dark ilexes marked the site of the garden they had adorned. A happier time, however, awaited the place, which was sold in 1870 to the late Mr. Thomas Brassey for the sum of £110,000, and the present magnificent structure stands upon the site.

Much of Neale's description would apply to Mr. Brassey's house. There is still the splendid and stately south front, with its Corinthian columns, cornice, and balustrade, its portico, and the double descent by which the terrace is reached. Not everything perished in the fire, and under the care of judicious hands, with much wise thinking, the structure rose in new beauty. The terracing is of the fine Italian type, with deftly-worked balustrades and stairways. Spacious open



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EAST ITALIAN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

ONE WAY TO BOILING GREEN.



THE SUNK BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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ONE WAY TO BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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arcades connect the central block with the wings, and the glory of the fruit-houses, with peaches, nectarines, grapes, and many other things, surpasses all that Neale describes. Though a certain formal severity rests upon every classic dwelling-place, the skill of the architect, as at Heythrop, conceives wonders in the grouping of masses and the display of light and shade. We may thus see how the pavilion-like Corinthian bays of the south front are grouped with the many-windowed central wall, and how the whole of the main block stands boldly forward, giving great effects of cool shade to contrast with the front which gleams in the full light of the southern sun. The lateral connecting screens are set back with very happy effect, and the wings fall into a fine picture with the splendid structure of the house itself, and the pillared fronts, arcades, and balustrades are of very noble character.

The green setting of the mansion is all that the most fastidious in the arts of garden-making could desire. Upon the main frontage emerald expanses of turf contrast with gay borders of hardy perennial flowers, which are radiant all the summer long, margining the terrace wall, while dark cedars, stretching forth their sombre, level arms, cast down their wide expanse of shade. The floral gardening is most lovely in grouping and colour, and one of our pictures of sunshine and shade will show how rich and beautiful are the effects. A wide and



Copyright LEADING TO THE CONSERVATORY. "C.L."

has all these beauties, and is, indeed, one of the finest and best-kept places in all the rich shire of Oxford.

entrancing outlook completes a garden picture which leaves nothing to desire. On the east side is the Italian garden, the domain of trim box and yew, in the design of a formal, quaint parterre, but all along the terrace that neighbours it are countless denizens of the border that give back their glory to the sun. The effect of varied colour and contrasted hues is most superb. Then, from these stately parts of the garden, we may pass on through woodland shade, with many sylvan over-archings, often "forbidding the sun to enter," but sometimes admitting through open glades a view of sky and sun. The variety in character and colour of the trees and shrubs is extraordinary, and contrast and harmony are glorious to observe. Soon we reach the sunken bowling green, with its fair expanse of turf well cropped and rolled, and a more welcome place for a game, a saunter, or a book, imagination would with difficulty conceive. The rock garden shares the attractions, with its winding walks amid rocks and trees, and its open spaces, where the wonders of Alpine richness are displayed. Readers of this paper do not need to be told how great such richness is; not only in rock, but in wall and bog gardening, equally with that of the fair borders where queenly plants with their tall spires tell of the judicious lover of grand herbaceous flowers. Heythrop



Copyright.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE BROADSMAN.

JUST as the aspect of the Norfolk Broads differs from that of the usual English country side—suggesting Holland rather than England—so does the Broadland marsh-dweller in appearance differ from the English peasant type and approximate to that of the Hollander. This resemblance of habitat accounts in some measure for a similarity in character. The marshman, to quote Dickens, is “a mixture of simplicity and shrewdness.” He has much of the Boer spirit in him; this prompts him to crouch behind the high river-walls when engaged in haymaking or rond-cutting, in order that he may observe narrowly passing yachtsmen and other strangers. His intention is to see and not be seen, and apparently this is an instinct with him. By nature the Broadsmen are an isolated being and hostile to the stranger. He might also be said to regard persons other than “dumplings”—born and naturalised “dumplings”—as “Utlanders.” To say this is not to cavil at the whole man—this seeming lack of confidence is explainable by the fact that civilisation touches the Broads only for a few brief weeks in the year—rather is it a strongly-marked lineament in his portrait, a lineament which helps to show the shaggy native as he is, as an inelegant but sturdy figure outlined against the whole-some green reed-ronds of his home.

Broadland traits, like the peculiarities of the dialect, are difficult to eradicate. Hence the London bus-driver, when, as not infrequently happens, he hails from Norfolk, retains his homely features in the face of metropolitan associations, or, as he himself would put it, “he allus fare to hev a bit o’ the egg-shell a-stickin’ to him.” Such a driver is generally taciturn until he meets a fellow “dumplin’,” when he expands, and proceeds spontaneously to unburden himself of pent-up confidences, from his boyish escapades near the old cathedral city to the ages and proclivities of his own olive-branches. Thus is blood thicker than water—there is room for sentiment on the deck of an omnibus.

But to return to the untravelled native. He is a man worth knowing, if merely for his primitiveness. Naturally suspicious of strangers, he is confiding to a fault when the feeling has been lived down. He is seldom hospitable to a newcomer, yet on acquaintance he is capable of thorough generosity. These things arise mainly from his primordial existence; the Broad-dweller is one of the most self-sufficing of men. In many instances he still brews his own ale, his “missus” bakes her home-made bread in the old-fashioned brick oven; his industries and pursuits bring him into contact solely with other natives. It is one of his cherished traditions that town-dwellers are given to sharp practices. The Broadsmen’s mental horizon and the skies of Broadland furnish a paradox, for the marshman’s views

are as restricted as the horizon of the flat expanse in which he lives is unbounded; and yet his occupations provide such a variety of trivial duties that his intellect should be developed beyond that of the average peasant. As a typical example take a great awkward marshman who tends one of the four thousand odd windmills of the district. Powerful, stooping, unkempt, yet with something of a steady persistence in his manner, he reminds one forcibly of the great mill he controls. Both the mill and the man are picturesque (the man on occasion is vaguely conscious of the fact); both are tall, gaunt, and long-armed; there is a deliberate slowness of movement about each which suggests intensity of purpose; and they both belong to the old order of things. The grizzled marshman is perform an early riser; habit and training have made him weather-wise. If the drainage-mill has to be set working, he strides off in the early dawn from his thatched cottage over the crunching young reed to open the sluices and to start the wide-armed giant which looms over the

grey waters. The man’s slouch hat flaps in the cold air; he has slipped on a white jacket, his trousers are tied below the knee with twine, and in his stride is a hint of steady purpose. Arriving at the conical mill-tower his first care is to unhook a heavy weight from the tail-piece connected with the white mill-hood above. This releases the vanes of the sails, which, working on the same principle as the slats of a venetian blind, spring flat to the wind. The tail-wheel of the mill has dragged the hood round on the tower, so that the sails constantly face the wind’s eye, and slowly and ponderously the great arms come sweeping down, the storm-water is lifted by the great water-wheel till it forces open the sluice-gate, and the work of pumping has begun. The water in the “mill-deck” hurries to the river bearing on its surface a line of frothing bubbles. Inside the mill, as the marshman stoops under the low lintel of the door, is the wrenching groan of the great



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HEYTHROP HALL: THE ROCK GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

central shaft which is turned on a ratchet bearing by the canvas-vened sails, and which in its turn causes the heavy overshot wheel to revolve. Set down in the lowest chamber of the mill-tower are pans of bright golden butter which the marshman’s thrifty wife has brought hither to cool. The marshman proceeds to oil the bearings of the machinery, and then leaves the mill running, while he attends to his other duties. His two or three cows have to be driven home and milked, the fowls and pigs require feeding; and then he goes out to his field-work, for the marshman farms a tiny holding. So what with milking, farming, butter-making, and other employments he is a busy but lonely man. There are a few local industries which are decaying, and for that reason worthy of remark; industries which are confined to the district, because the materials required for their pursuance are only found in sufficient quantities locally. Thus many of the marsh-dwellers find time to labour at boulder-cutting, thatching, rush-drying, and rush-harness-

making. Very ingenious is the Broadland peasant by reason of his many little industries.

Usually the Broadman's sons work on the land till harvest is over. Then they help to gather in the harvest of the sea, for the autumn herring-fishery falls just at the right time to allow of this. The drifters are manned largely by young marshmen, and very fine sailors they prove. They make brave and resourceful fishermen, but they are not navigators; their hardihood and steadfastness seem a fitting heritage from their Danish forbears. These traits do not prevent the older men from cherishing traditions of hardships endured in days past when bread was dear, and beef a thing to be desired, but seen only after haysel and harvest. Traditions, such as the eking out a scanty existence on boiled swedes and potatoes not many decades since, furnish a frequent theme at the village fireside. The Broadman's cottage garden is generally gay with the good old-fashioned flowers—columbines, gilly-flowers, and ladies' needlework. In his way the peasant is appreciative of the beautiful, and critical over the fitness of his flower-beds. None can feel more than he the magic of his level heaven-bounded home, though he may be at a loss to express his delight in the atmosphere of the Broads.

One part of his æsthetic side, however, clamours for cultivation—the Broadman is by nature wofully unmusical. Few of the older men can do more in the way of vocal effort than chant a couple of lines of some such time-worn song as

"Many a cloudy mornin'
Bring forth a sun-shin-y dāay"

in unharmonious repetition. The Broad-dwellers, liberal as a rule in politics, are by instinct the most conservative of men. It is this innate conservatism we must thank for their distaste of new machinery, of new ideas, and of new modes of life. To this we owe much of the picturesqueness of the Broads. For the drainage-mills remain windmills (steam is but slowly replacing them), the horse-ferries are venerable in their antiquity, the dying of ancient crafts is protracted beyond belief, even the household dietary suffers little change, and the dialect is rich yet in expressions obsolete elsewhere. It might seem that Norfolk is as immutable as the old wherries which plough her water. Civilisation flicks the Broads and the Broadman as slightly and as ineffectually as an idle housemaid flicks with her feather brush the articles which are beyond the mistress's eye.

THE HIGH-WATER MARK.

"YES, do buy it! queer and quaint, and only eight pounds; why, the frame alone is worth the money!"

"H'm!" said my brother-in-law, stepping back to get a better view of the picture. "Queer enough, I grant you; after Whistler, I suppose. Well, if I buy the thing—"

"Oh, do! Those grey lagoons at nightfall, and St. Mark's just looming in the mist, and—"

"St. Mark's? Nonsense! that's not Venice. That's the Clock Tower at Westminster, and the river and the Embankment are all messed up together in the grey cotton-woolly foreground."

"You must be dreaming! Westminster, indeed! No, no, Venice without a doubt!"

I spoke warmly, even sharply.

Dick stared at me before he replied doggedly: "Westminster is Westminster all the world over! Look, here's the outline of the bridge, and you can just see the Abbey crouching in the dusk."

"Madge," I cried, for my sister, escorted by the picture-dealer, had wandered back from the inner room to the front shop, "Madge! come and tell Dick he's talking nonsense. Look at this picture, please—here—this one; now is that Venice or Westminster?"

"That?" she answered. "Oh! how beautiful, and how—how strange. The old tower on the Danube, just above Pittsendorf, where we were on our honeymoon."

"Pittsendorf? Absurd!" said Dick. "I bet you a sovereign it's Westminster—where's the catalogue?"

There wasn't one, but the dealer, referring to a greasy ledger, read aloud, "'The High-water Mark, a Translation, Artist unknown.'"

"High water, yes, but at Venice," said I.

Madge looked serious.

"High water or not, that's Pittsendorf. One doesn't forget a place that spelt happiness," she added in lowered tones to Dick.

I turned away with an unworthy shrug. My sister's overflowing measure sometimes jars my empty cup. They two stood close together, whispering fondness, while my thoughts wandered to a lonely churchyard on a wind-swept cliff. I glanced again at the grey mystery of the canvas. Venice, beyond all doubt; Venice, where for me one cloudless day had dawned—and died.

The others were now wrangling about Westminster or Pittsendorf. Strengthened by memory, I smothered a laugh as I looked at my picture, and as I gazed the only hours I have ever really lived were mine again. There were the dreamy waters, the Doge's Palace, the gay Piazza, the—

"Don't be foolish, Dick." The incisive accent of wifely annoyance broke in on my reverie. "Your calling it Westminster doesn't make it so. It's Pittsendorf in mist, and I should love to buy it."

My brother-in-law didn't reply. He stood in front of the picture, Madge's mackintosh over his left arm, his right hand clinking the money in his trousers pocket, a half-smile on his lips, and a far-away look in his keen business eyes. Madge, touching his arm, whispered something of Pittsendorf. He looked down at her absently, a puzzled kindness in his face.

"I'll buy it," he muttered, as if to himself. "Why not? I owe—well—everything to Westminster."

"No! no!" I cried. "Not you! I want this picture. I'm going to buy it myself."

But Madge's eyes were dancing.

"Rubbish, Julie. We might scour the world for just that view of Pittsendorf—and it can mean nothing to you. Let Dick buy it, and you can come and look at it whenever you like!"

But I felt wolfish.

"I saw it first," I said, half wondering at my own persistence. "Dick would never have noticed it but for me." Then, catching my sister's surprise, I added, half laughing: "Hands off, Madge! You always snatch the bargains; this one is mine."

"Here, Abraham, I'll give you six guineas, ready money." Dick's back was turned to us; his voice sounded careless, but his shoulders were eager.

"There," said Madge, "we've made the first bid; don't be silly, Julie—you've not got six guineas to spare."

"I'll give you seven," I cried to the dealer, but Dick swung round and said half savagely in my ear: "Leave this to me, Julie; I'll settle with Abraham, and we can quarrel about ownership afterwards."

Resenting his tone, I turned back to the picture. Madge, sinking into a chair, gazed at it, too, silent, fascinated.

"Fact is, sir," said the dealer, "fact is, I'm not particular anxious to part with that picture, and as for six guineas, well—I suppose you gentlemen must have your little joke, but if you bid me sixty guineas I couldn't take it."

"Sixty? What do you mark it eight for, then?"

"Not eight, sir—eighty."

Bending forward I could see for myself that the black figures on the blue ticket pasted on the lower right-hand corner of the picture were, in truth, eighty, though the second figure, the nought, was almost concealed by the projecting frame. Eighty guineas! That settled the question as far as I was concerned. Happiness at half that price was, alas! beyond me.

"Eighty guineas! Why didn't you say at once you don't mean to sell the thing? Come on." Dick turned to us with the ruffled superiority men accord their womenkind in moments of unjustifiable irritability. "Come on, I say, it's getting late."

"Just a minute, sir," said the dealer, reluctant to offend a customer; "I've another painting of the same subject."

"Of Pittsendorf?" cried Madge.

"Of Westminster," corrected the man, but I caught the glint of cunning in his eye.

"But that is *not* Westminster," insisted Madge.

"Of Westminster," repeated the dealer, pointedly addressing Dick; "a little gem, sir, and about your figure."

We all three turned to look at the garish little painting that the man unearthed from a stack of pictures in the corner. Westminster this time beyond all doubt, and as faithful as a photograph. But the detail of the traffic on the bridge and the solid glitter of the water were dear at any price. Dick, shaking his head, led the way out of the shop.

During the next fortnight I called three times at Abraham's. I had a couple of prints that needed framing, and found it necessary to look in again a few days after giving the order to see them before they were sent home. On my third visit, having no excuse, I told the dealer frankly that I wanted to look at "The High-water Mark" again. Three times I had experienced a pleasure which was for me unique, if, indeed, one may call that mere pleasure that is the resurrection of Joy. To me "The High-water Mark" revealed far more than it delineated. The treatment, vague and indistinct, was nevertheless a triumph of suggestion. While I gazed Sorrow decked herself with Memory, and Restitution seemed to pulse and vibrate in the dusky depths of the picture. The general effect was, as I have said, grey,

nebulous, obscure, as though the artist had drawn a misty veil over his subject, and toned his colours to the shroud of twilight. Yet, to me, that veil, billowy, palpitating, seemed but the disability of eyes over-strained by long desire. Standing there in the background of the little shop, the gas jets flaring overhead, the surf of a great city foaming at the door, and mingling with the harsh tones of bargain-hunters within, Happiness stole from that shadowy canvas and took me to her heart.

But, on my fourth visit, I saw, as I entered, a figure standing before my picture. Happiness is intensely possessive, and it was with a sense of outraged ownership that I sat down with disappointment in the background. My impatient eyes, seeking the painting, were baulked by the form of a man.

The coat, though shabby, was self-respecting; the shoulders, bent and rounded, told of toil and delicacy; the black wideawake left me in doubt as to everything but the idea, real or assumed, of a serious mind. The knees were slightly bent, and there was a preparatory tension about the whole figure recalling the crouch that in animals precedes a spring. What startled me were the hands. I had barely time to sum up that back view, with the prejudiced intolerance we accord to the interloper, before my glance was caught and trapped by the hands. The man's arms hanging straight at his sides were quiet to rigidity, but the pale, red-looking hands twitched persistently, the fingers revolving on the thumb like so many spokes of a wheel. And all the time he peered at the painting I watched those whirling fingers, twitching—for what? They spoke of a mind on thorns—for what? Of a famished yearning on the verge of—ah! yes, that was it. Here was no despair, no agitation of grief, or loss, or pain; here was thirst within sight of the water-brooks. The man swayed slightly forward, and over those bowed shoulders "The High-water Mark" beckoned my heart. In a flash the secret of that other heart was mine. For this man, too, my picture was a fountain of delight; but for him, as I knew by intuition, swift, unerring, the joy was a promise rather than a memory, not so much a resurrection as a new birth.

With a strange sense of fellowship I rose and stood beside him. A grey old man, pinched, pallid, and, as far as this world goes, bereft; with the dust of petty circumstance overlying the possibilities of a far-off youth. Yet a hopeful insufficiency, not destitution, was the keynote to that feeble frame, and clamoured from those twitching fingers. As he turned towards me, compassion fled before full-face revelation, for his blue eyes, wide and childlike, brimmed with the overflowing candour of delight.

"A beautiful picture," I said lamely, to bridge the silence and to mask my own surprise.

"The most beautiful picture," he corrected, politely but with intense conviction.

The unstinted praise was welcome; it stirred me.

"I want it!" I cried, giving the great dominant note, Desire, its full value.

"It is mine," he said simply, and the blue eyes caressed the canvas.

"Yours! Have you bought it?"

"Bought it? No!"

"Then why—?" I hesitated. He made no reply, but I could not let it rest there.

"How can it be yours if you haven't bought it?"

He looked at me with gentle reproach.

"How can it?" I insisted.

Joy deepened in his glance as he answered:

"Because the shore belongs to the flowing tide—because—because my tide is flowing now—and—"

"And it will be high water soon!" I started, as the cry escaped me—my heart had spoken.

"Yes," he said, "yes, not long to wait, high water—soon."

"Ere you are! that one—number seventy-three; pack it carefully and take it to the address I gave yer." The dealer spoke to an underling, who lifted "The High-water Mark" from the wall.

"It's sold!" I cried.

The old man said nothing; the blue eyes following the retreating figure of the shop-boy carrying away the picture lost none of their gladness. But I—I saw myself bereft.

"It's gone!" I cried again, and shook him by the arm, "gone—don't you understand? We shall never see it again!"

He smiled. "Nothing stops the flowing tide," he whispered, and, turning from me, left the shop.

Ah well! he was within sight of the haven of fruition, but for me, adrift on storm-tossed waters, happiness seemed nearer to memory than to hope.

All that night I mourned my loss, and rose next morning resolved to try to trace my picture. Early in the forenoon I sought Madge, to tell her of the sale and to share with her my sorrow. As I entered her door I heard voices raised in anger in the smoking-room.

"You know very well why I love it," said Madge, "just because it's Pittsendorf. But you—you vow it's Westminster,

and have given eighty guineas to hang it here, where you can always see it. What's Westminster to you, I want to know?"

"Well, it's a curious picture, you see," Dick hesitated. "A translation, as the artist called it, and—"

"Yes, a translation," broke in Madge, "a translation, and in two senses; but what does it translate for you, Dick? Westminster, you say; very good, only you shall tell me why."

"Hush! The servants will hear you!"

"I don't care who hears me!" her voice shrill with anger; "but you shan't have that picture here unless you tell me who was Westminster."

It was time to interfere; I coughed, and moved across the hall. Dick, throwing open the smoking-room door, gave me half-surly, half-grateful welcome. But Madge would brook no interruption.

"I'm sorry, Julie," she said, "but just now I'm busy with Dick. If I can, I'll look in to tea this afternoon."

"You might let Julie just look at the picture," said Dick, making for the hat-stand, "and I—I must be off."

Without answering, Madge pushed him back into the smoking-room, and shut the door in my face.

For every married man, confession, soon or late. I wondered; and deep in my heart I hugged the certainty that for "him" and me the translation would have spelt but one word—Venice.

Rarely, even to the most fortunate lovers, is it given to touch the high-water mark of happiness at the same place and time. Dick and Madge, whose clear content often roused in me a mean self-pity, had evidently missed that supreme if fleeting joy. But it was mine, nay, ours; and if the dead are not far away, it may be that my picture restores to him, as to me, the joy we found together.

I blessed Dick for his purchase, that would now be always within my reach, and wished him well through the wifely catechism.

Yet as tea-time drew near it was of Madge, not of Dick, that I thought with pitying tenderness. Had her husband explained, I wondered, and if so with what result? Alas! for those who forgive. Theirs is the deeper wound; no stain is so really ours as that which mars the soul we love. But Madge, entering to me, disarmed sadness, and clearly needed—nothing. She was neither enraged, hysterical, saintly, nor triumphant. She seemed—how shall I say?—newly crowned, fresh from some completing happiness, at rest with settled delight.

"God bless her," I said to myself in return for the benediction of her presence.

"Julie," she said later, when the teacups were empty, and the minstrelsy of sunset made eloquent each feature of the little room, "Julie—Westminster was—Me! It was I, not Dick, who was faithless. It was there, on the bridge, that he first heard the news that set him free to love me, and that—that was his High-water Mark; not even Pittsendorf could compete with that!"

I said nothing; she talked on quietly, as if to herself.

"Not even Pittsendorf! How could it? For Dick that moment meant—me! It held for him not only Pittsendorf, but—everything: all that has been, that will be, between us two. My Translation is a lesser thing; but then," she smiled happily, "mine is the lesser love."

This was not the Madge I knew. I waited, silent.

"Julie," she cried, turning her sunlit face to me, "Julie, have men the bigger hearts? Who taught them to value the great horizons of May-be, or even the misty plains of Might-have-been, beyond the garnered harvest of possession? What god inspires them to put desire above fruition? A truer valuation, you see, for Dick's High-water Mark includes and exceeds mine, as Love encircles and transcends the dreary minute we call Life."

"Madge!" I cried, and my arms were round her. Here was a Translation that made me gasp.

"Dear, dear Dick!" she whispered, and kissed me, partly at least for my own sake. "But you must have the picture, Julie; we both feel that. Neither Dick nor I need it now, nor ever will, I hope. You must hang it here, just opposite your sofa, where the cross light from that western window slants along the wall."

"But, Madge, are you sure—?"

"Yes, for always!"

"Well, then," I said, as in a dream, "it will be welcome here."

And here it is, and I, who all my life have been more or less a lonely woman, am sought by many. Day by day they throng my little room, those who have eyes to see; and all who can translate these earth mists return again and again. Finding in my picture help in a world of need, they leave me strengthened and refreshed by the mere beholding such miracles of Memory and of Hope. From time to time Dick and Madge drop in, severally, but more often together. For us, all three, discord has faded of late, and harmony seems to have come to stay.

My most constant visitor is a grey old man. When he enters I quit the room, and carefully guard his hour; those

glowing eyes and twitching fingers are sacred—to the Future. In reverence to the fast-flowing tide I leave him undisturbed, alone with Joy. For him, as for me, the High-water Mark is grey, not with the pall of twilight, but with the breaking of the

dawn. The promise of Sunrise is all its own, but stealing through my western casement, the setting sun illumines the dusky depths of the canvas, gilding even the sombre hours of this pilgrim Night.

“PRACTICAL SUBJECTS” IN COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

THE suggestion by the Fruit Committee appointed by Lord Onslow that the culture of fruit should be made a subject of instruction in country schools is perhaps the latest manifestation of a tendency which everybody deplores, excepting in the case of his own pet hobby—a tendency, that is, to pile up more and more subjects upon the already overburdened school curriculum. As many of these proposals originate, we may suspect, with people who have only a sort of polite or urban acquaintance with rustic life, it would be just as well if the opinion of real country people with regard to them could be obtained. The scheme that looks so attractive in a committee-room so often loses its charm out of doors.

In this matter of teaching fruit culture the committee's point of view may be easily imagined. We have schools, and they cost much money, and little seems to come of them. Why should they not be employed in teaching something really useful? Why, indeed? Already a few practical subjects have been “taken up.” Here, for instance, in this western corner of Surrey, we have lessons in gardening, cookery, and bee-keeping; poultry-keeping has been talked of, carpentry is desired by some. If the growing of fruit would be so advantageous to the community, what possible objection can there be to placing this, too, in our time-table, side by side with the other subjects?

Of course, the word “overburdened” applied to the time-table points to one objection. Precisely because bee-keeping and gardening are already cared for, it is more and not less difficult to find time for fruit growing. The country schoolmaster may very well complain of having so much thrust upon him. He is, in truth, in a position resembling that which free-traders prophesy the Government will be in if protective tariffs are imposed. As every trade, they urge, will be appealing to the Government for special protection, so to the schoolmaster every industry in turn is beginning to make its appeal for special education. Horticulture has won its point; to-day fruit culture is to the fore; to-morrow it may be boot-making, and a day or two later it will be the turn for butter and cheese. Whenever anybody thinks of anything worth doing, it seems to be his next idea that it ought to be taught in school. Conversely, as though it were accepted that the school should teach every craft, every form of inefficiency is traced back to education. I actually have heard a butcher complain of the schools because his apprentice, who had won prizes, proved a perfect duffer at killing a sheep. It sounds ridiculous enough. And yet, sentiment apart, what is there to choose between butchering and carpentry and fruit-growing as important industries? Why should not the teacher be asked to attend to all three? The fact is, of course, that he has a different kind of work to do.

Yet it is evident from the suggestion of the committee that this fact is not everywhere appreciated. It may be doubted if even the Board of Education is fully alive to it. It might have been expected to protest against such an interference with its business; it might reasonably have replied to the committee, “The thing you ask for is not in our line. Try some other shop. Perhaps the War Office might help you.” But the Board of Education has not, so far as I know, made any such reply. On the contrary, it is already dabbling, if not in fruit culture, then in the other things I have mentioned. In short, in the highest quarters there seems to be a willingness to accept as a principle that specific industries should have a place in the educational programme.

The principle, however, is one which is exciting a large amount of disapprobation amongst people who live in the country and know what is needed there. These are wondering where all this dabbling in trades is to end. Indeed, there is no end, if we admit the principle which the Fruit Committee has taken for granted. The list of possible, yes, and plausible subjects is inexhaustible. Why single out fruit culture? Why not add pottery, brick-making, tailoring, forestry, and textile work? Why not supplement the cookery which schoolgirls learn with lessons in dressmaking and millinery, house cleaning, type-writing, sick nursing, light upholstery, and the making of preserves? I do not mean to suggest that country people have actually formulated these questions; but they may do so if there should be many more proposals like that as to growing fruit. As it is, they have reached the stage of discontent. No effort is made to show them, and they are quite unaware, that handiwork may be taught from an educational motive; the furthering of the industry is all that appears to them; and this, emphatically, is not the education they want. At sight of the schoolmaster with his boys in the school gardens, they ask contemptuously: When is the man to be allowed to attend to his proper duty of teaching the three

R's? The three R's, it is freely alleged, are grievously neglected; no thorough training in them is given; children do not now learn to read and write and reckon so well as they did twenty years ago. Thus, while the Fruit Committee is asking that education may be devoted to the growing of apples, the people in the country are desiring it to be applied to the rudiments of civilisation and the means of social intercourse.

But are they not, these country people, afraid lest the practical side of life should suffer unless work is taught in school? Certainly, they are afraid; but it is in these very attempts to introduce specific industries into the school that they see danger. There is, I think, a great deal of prejudice in their attitude, a great deal of exaggeration in their complaints; yet there is also some justification for both. As I interpret it, their feeling is that real handicrafts and industries cannot be carried on in school, but only a delusive substitute for them. In the gardening done on the school plots there is no drudgery, no toiling through a day's work from beginning to end, while the body grows faint and the heart sick and yet must keep doggedly on. It is approached as if it were a game; the interest of it is the chief thing thought of, so that the first motive put before the child is one which has no necessary connection with real work at all. The child, in fact, is only encouraged to play at what is no child's play, and gets a false idea of it which unfits him for the real thing later in life. Such I believe to be the feeling of country people towards these so-called practical subjects. The little boy kept illegally from school and sent out with donkey and cart to buy a load of coke at the town gasworks and bring it home to the village is learning to work. Whether he is interested or not is not once considered; the thing needs doing, and he has to see it through. The same boy in the school gardens makes no acquaintance with work there. He is only being amused by one or two operations which happen to be incidental to some kinds of work.

The wiser educational authorities do not, of course, pretend to teach these practical subjects for the sake of furthering any special industry. The chairman of the Surrey County Council Education Committee has expressly stated his committee's aims. They do not desire, he says, “to make little carpenters or cooks of the children in the school”; their purpose is to promote dexterity, to secure “that the hand of the child should have become accustomed to work with the brain,” to develop individuality and reasoning powers, and self-reliance and the faculty of observation. If this were generally understood, it is possible that some of their distrust of “practical subjects” might be removed from the minds of country-folk; and yet it is not certain that they would sympathise. I myself cannot help thinking that a large part of this programme is unnecessary. A man—a scaffolder by trade—came to me yesterday for help in deciphering the will of his uncle, just dead. He had washed the corpse himself, he said, and laid it out, being more distressed than when, as a railway navvy before he took to scaffolding, he had helped pick up the *disjecta membra* of the victims of a railway accident. There are hundreds of men equal to this in Surrey, and to offer to teach them “self-reliance” seems to me slightly presumptuous on the part of the Education Committee. For “reasoning powers,” I do not know that they lack them more than the rest of us, and in the matter of dexterity the world might often go to them for lessons. To-day I happen to have heard of a hedge-trimmer, who with his long-handled hook would flick off an upstanding twig on a hedge exactly “as sure as faith,” or cut at a threepenny-piece tossed into the air, and be certain of hitting it. Why teach “dexterity” to such a man, or to the tiler tossing tiles up to the roof of a new building, or to the hoer cutting out turnips sown broadcast in a field? The other faculty—that of “observation”—with which the Surrey Education Committee wishes to deal is not so wanting in country-folk but that a longish paper of this kind might not be devoted to instances of it.

In any case, it must not be taken as proved that the teaching of practical subjects in school will result in stimulating the general alertness of children. To the educational doctrinaire all subjects lead to “science” in the end, and those who have never handled a tool are prone to think that fruit growing and carpentry are scientific operations first and last. Country people know better. It is not disputed that there is a science of these things, or may be when the scientific people will work it out; but the practice of them is much more of an art than a science. It is a thing not to be imparted from one mind to another, not to be acquired in scrappy lessons. It has been thought, in the one case, to need tedious years of apprenticeship; in the other case, matured judgment and experience are surely demanded for it.

I do not myself understand the art of pruning a fruit tree; unless, however, it is different from all other kinds of skilled work, it seems to me that the chief result of adding it to the school curriculum will be the spoiling of fruit trees. Does not each shoot need its own treatment? With every twig the instructor may tell his pupils what to do, and lecture them on the reasons for it; and yet the work is an art after all, and he may never hope to convey to them his perception of the law of growth which runs mysteriously through all the thousand variations, and is revealed only to practised eyes like his. In other words, the expert's adaptation to the conditions of fruit-growing is a personal quality, not to be bestowed on children. It is the accomplishment of a grown man. Here and there some rudimentary acquaintance with the problems may be grafted into a boy's mind, and some taste quickened there for grappling with them. I readily concede it, and welcome anything that stimulates taste. But I do not gather that this is what is aimed at by the Surrey Education Committee, or desired by the Fruit Committee. Their object

and it annoys them to see their children spending the precious school hours at planting potatoes. As another of my neighbours angrily says, "While they're out there in the gardens they en't mindin' their scholarship, that's a *sure* thing!"

In the reaction against idle book-learning the educationalists have turned to practical subjects perhaps a little too hastily. Is there no practical book-learning to be had? At least there are the three R's, worth the utmost care. A real working power to read and write and reckon would probably be as useful to labouring people as instruction in crafts, the practice of which is traditional amongst them.

GEORGE BOURNE.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE THRESHING OF BARLEY.

ON this subject a most timely leaflet has been issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. It is a fundamental that the best return for this crop is that which is obtained from the brewers for the choicest barley used for malting purposes. Very often its value is seriously deteriorated owing to the fact that the drum of the threshing-machine is set too close and many of the grains are cracked or broken. Now broken, bruised, or skinned grains fail to germinate, and soon show signs of mould, thus leading to unsoundness in the malt and bad results in the brewery. Nor is this all the injury done by bad threshing, since some of the grains get closely nipped at one or both of the ends, and some are bruised and peeled. The fault lies in too vigorously threshing the barley husk, which, in the end, produces irregularities in the malt. The expert's advice for obviating these difficulties is, first, that the farmer when he is beginning the day's threshing should at the outset, and repeatedly during the day, examine the grain very carefully. Should signs of injury be noticed the concave of the drum of the machine should be slightly opened. It is better that part of the beard should be left adhering to the grain than that any risk should be run of injuring the reputation of home-grown barley on account of broken and chipped grains. In the second place, the farmer should remember that a new machine will break the grain more than one that has been used and in which the roughness of the beaters has been worn off. On the other hand, in a much-worn machine the space between the drum and concave is greater in the centre than at the ends, and if they are set to thresh clean at the centre they will be too close at each end. The fault can be remedied by putting on new drum-beaters and concave ribs. In the third place, close attention should be paid to regularity of feeding. The mill should be driven at an even speed, and care exercised over the adjustment of the several parts of the machine. Fourthly, a certain amount of damage is done in the barley awner or hummeler, through which the grain subsequently passes. Here, if the beaters are set too closely, and the barley is roughly handled, "nibbling" takes place. In this connection it is pointed out that different

varieties of barley require different methods of treatment, and those in charge of the threshing should make a point of constantly examining the sample, and if this is injured in any way they should ascertain in what part of the machine the injury occurs, altering the setting until it is remedied. Fifthly, barley should not be rushed through the machine, but time should be taken to have it perfectly and evenly threshed. In the sixth place, maltsters no longer require very heavy bushel-weight; barley weighing only from 54lb. to 56lb. per bushel is preferred by them to barley weighing 56lb. to 58lb. Lastly, it is important that the machine should be thoroughly clean in all its parts before the day's threshing is begun. With a crop of so much importance as barley farmers will see how much may be gained from attention to these directions.



F. H. Evans.

WOODLAND STEPS.

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is the science and the dexterity connected with the industry. Country people, however, are scarce likely to believe that these objects will by such means be attained. They know how small a dose of science accompanies great skill; they are too well acquainted with the nature of handicrafts to be persuaded that the dexterity which comes of long use can be acquired by a weekly game at gardening. Besides, clumsiness with tools is not the thing that troubles them. What they desire is to be as well equipped as other people for getting their own ends. On the occasion of his uncle's death, it frets my scaffolder friend to have no *savoir faire*. He talks impatiently of his ignorance how to go on; and he does not know how to get information. Such men would like to be able to read and write well enough to manage their own business; they would fain be as other citizens;

BIRDS AND FRUIT.

We have received several answers to the correspondent who last week complained of losing a great part of his livelihood by the ravages of the birds, and we give one of the letters here. It is signed "A Lady Farmer":

"SIR,—I should like to say a few words on behalf of the birds. Some years ago I hired a place in Norfolk. The owner said, 'I am afraid you will not get much fruit, owing to the birds. My head-gardener shoots hundreds, but it's no use. We never have a gooseberry.' There was a very large number of gooseberry bushes. I replied, 'No wonder you have no fruit.' I gave strict orders that no birds were to be shot. The man was determined to shoot them, so he and I parted company. The next year we had a grand crop of all kinds of fruit; the following year so much we gave bushels away, and I was very proud to be able to send large hampers of assorted fruits to the owner. Summer and winter, I always keep large shallow pans of water all over my kitchen and flower gardens and lawns, and in the winter feed all the wild birds well. They repay me a thousand-fold. I have the best fruit and the best corn in the county. I now live in big Essex. What if the sparrows do take a little corn; they have well earned it by the good they have done."

We wish that our correspondent had been a little more precise. For example, it does not quite appear whether the place she hired in Norfolk was an actual fruit farm or a place with a large garden

kept for pleasure and for the supply of the house. In the latter case her sparing of the birds was only what we have continuously advocated; but what we should like to obtain would be the opinion of those who live by the cultivation of fruit. Could they afford to let the birds have as much as they liked? The objection to feeding the birds is that it would encourage vast numbers to come about the place, and while some species might possibly prefer what was set out for them, others are destructive in their character, and would certainly destroy at least a portion of the fruit. It is quite against our inclination to countenance anything like a wholesale destruction of birds; but, still, the man whose livelihood depends upon fruit is entitled to be heard, and we should very much like if some of those who are in that position would give us the benefit of their experience. The point is perhaps that absolute destruction may not be necessary. Would not the discharge of a gun loaded only with powder, or at most with very fine sparrow-drift, serve the purpose equally well? In a fruit country it is a curious fact that birds are more destructive than in an arable country where the gardens and orchards are not maintained for the supply of a market. Birds, like men, are creatures of habit, and it is no wonder that in a great fruit-growing country they take to eating cherries and berries. When these are not plentiful they learn to forage for other food.

PHOTOGRAPHING GOLDEN PLOVER.

ON May 12th I received a post-card from the shepherd telling me that he had on May 10th found a golden plover's nest on the moor with four eggs in it, and that it was a few hundred yards from the curlew's nest I was then working at, from which he had accordingly laid a trail.

On finishing the day's work with the curlew we followed the new trail, which, I may explain, consisted of a series of withes about 3ft. long, stuck in the ground at intervals of 50yds. or 100yds., each having a short piece of white tape tied to the tip. After following the trail about 300yds. we came to a bare patch where the heather had been burned, and in the distance saw two withes with tapes only about 10yds. apart, thus showing the end of the trail.

The bird rose when we were still 20yds. off, and flew away silently, just skimming the ground, so that if we had not been keeping a careful look-out



F. Heatherley.

SITTING.

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we should probably not have noticed her. The nest was in a tussock of grass about 2yds. from the eastern edge of the bare patch.

On one of the four eggs the black blotches had run together so as to form a broad band. On lifting the eggs up, I found that they left their impressions on the floor of the nest, which was formed of grass stems broken up into short little bits about a sixth of an inch long. Concluding that the eggs were hard set, we determined to abandon any further work on the curlew; and, being under the impression that the golden plover is a very wary bird, we thought it advisable to erect the rubbish heap and dummy camera overnight, so that she might become accustomed to them.

Accordingly, on the 13th Mr. Earl and I went at dusk and shifted the rubbish heap to its new quarters. The curlew, by the by, was on her nest, and remained there for about half-an-hour whilst we were busy at our task; but when we finally lifted the rubbish



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A LAST LOOK ROUND.

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AT EXTRAORDINARILY CLOSE QUARTERS.

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heap bodily with its covering of heather and staggered off with it, she flew away. I have found that it is comparatively easy to see a curlew sitting on its eggs if you visit the nest in the twilight.

On May 14th, 15th, and 18th I took a series of photographs of the golden plover, operating the camera from the rubbish heap 50ft. away, the lens being at first 6ft. away from the nest, and top of camera 2ft. above ground, and at last with it 1ft. nearer and 1ft. higher. I found her, contrary to expectation, an easy sitter. As a rule she was on her nest within ten minutes of Mr. Earl shutting me up in the rubbish heap and disappearing over the skyline. The first intimation of her approach would be one or two plaintive calls of "tu," and then the bird would come into view about 20ft. away from me and to the left of the nest. There she stood bolt upright, looking very golden in her wedding dress, and peering anxiously around. Then she would run quickly for a few yards, stand bolt upright again, and so circuitously reach her nest. The last few steps, probably owing to the proximity of the camera, were taken in fear and trembling; but when she had once climbed on to the eggs, she would settle down comfortably, taking no further notice of it. The first time the shutter went off, she turned a somersault with fright; but, as I was aware that the noise my Thornton-Pickard makes is after the exposure has been made, I felt no anxiety as to the result. Whilst on her eggs, she kept a sharp look-out, and became anxious whenever the neighbouring curlews or peewits gave an alarm. Whenever Mr. Earl came back in response to my signal of a handkerchief stuck out through the back of the rubbish heap, she generally gave an uneasy cry of "tu," and then flew silently away, just skimming over the heather and taking up her position about 60yds. or 100yds. to windward, where she waited running about and calling "tu" occasionally, until we had changed the plate, and Mr. Earl once more disappeared over the skyline. Once or twice instead of flying she got up and ran away.

On May 18th we shifted the rubbish heap to within 15ft. of the nest, as I hoped to take some photographs direct from it when the chicks hatched, and when perhaps the male might put in an appearance. Reckoning on the eggs being hard set when first found on May 10th, the period of incubation as given by Owen for the dotterel being twenty days, we thought they might now hatch out any day. So I visited the nest on every day that

I had an opportunity. By approaching the nest from the east I was enabled by the slope of the ground to get within 3yds. or 4yds. of her before she caught sight of me, and on several occasions she trusted to her protective resemblance to surroundings, and I was able to get a close look at her. On two occasions when my presence became insufferable she fluttered away with both wings apparently broken, and as I walked away she often followed me at a distance, as if to see me safely off the premises.

On June 1st, although the chicks had not hatched out, I shifted the rubbish heap close to the nest, and erected the camera inside, so that the lens was 7ft. from the nest. I thought that it would be as well to see that everything worked all right. The front of the tent was by this time rather dilapidated, a good deal of the heather having been blown off; but I did not renew it, as there was a strong wind blowing, which might have displaced some of the heather and blocked the lens, so I left it as it was, trusting that she was by this time used to it. However, I was very careful to have the back and sides well covered, so that no movements of mine inside the tent could be detected by the shepherd lying with his head just over the eggs. The arrangements proved more satisfactory than I had expected, as she returned to her eggs within four minutes of the shepherd leaving me; in fact, before I had had time to unpack my luncheon. She took no notice whatever of the noise made by the shutter going off, but any rustling of paper made her cock her head, and occasionally, as when I changed a plate, the mysterious sounds became too much for her, and she would silently fly away; but she was frequently back again before I was quite ready for her. I had her under observation that day from 12.15 to 3.30. After 2 p.m. the north-east wind blew very cold, and she frequently shivered and half closed her eyes. At first I thought it might be my tobacco



F. Heatherley.

AT LONGER RANGE.

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smoke which the wind was carrying to her, but it was not so. I hoped that the male might take pity on her and relieve her for a time, and perhaps even give me a chance of taking both birds on the same plate; but unless she had recently been made a widow, which seemed very unlikely, he must have been a bad lot, as from May 12th to June 3rd I never saw, nor for certain even heard, anything of him. Her's appeared that day a miserable existence; cold and tired out, every time she seemed about to close her eyes in sleep some other bird's alarm note aroused her instantly into anxious wakefulness. On several occasions I tried to get into communication with her by imitating her call. Twice she answered the first call of the series, but the rest elicited no response, although my attempts seemed rather to



F. Heatherley.

GOLDEN PLOVER—FEMALE.

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interest than alarm her. The only notes I have heard this bird give were "tu," like the French, also once or twice "tiu" and "tui."

On the evening of June 3rd, I visited the nest for the last time, and, on careful examination, found all four eggs chipping, each egg showing four or five minute, star-shaped cracks towards

the blunt end of the egg, so that, in this case, incubation lasted at least twenty-four days. I was unfortunately unable to visit her again, but received a note from the shepherd, saying: "The golden plover chicks stayed in the nest until Monday night. On Tuesday they were gone (probably sixty hours in nest). To my mind, they are the prettiest birds I have ever seen on the moor. They are all tinged with gold, like the old bird." I may add that the gold of the adult's plumage is just the colour of the yellow sphagnum, and affords complete protective resemblance.

Since the letter from the keeper I have seen him, and he says that for two or three days after the chicks left the eggs he occasionally came across them in the neighbourhood of the nest. Both parents were with them, the male being quite black on the breast, as he had a black satin waistcoat with no shirt front, easily distinguished from the female, who had a wide shirt front above her satin waistcoat. The old birds were very bold, and he had a good opportunity of watching both. My experience is that the books are wrong when they say that the young of the curlew, peewit, and golden plover leave the nest as soon as hatched. They stay in it at least forty-eight hours; they are not fed by the old birds during that time, but are kept warm whilst they absorb the yolk.

F. HEATHERLEY.

AT THE RISING OF THE MOON.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

THE dew is heavy on the grass: the corncrake calls: on a cloudy juniper the nightjar churrs: the fhionna or white moth wavers above the tall spires of the foxglove. The midsummer-eve is now a grey-violet dusk. At the rising of the moon a sigh comes from the earth. Down the moist velvety ledges of the dark a few far-apart and low-set stars pulsate as though about to fall, but continuously re-gather their tremulous white rays. The night of summer is come."

With these words I ended my preceding article, "The Coming of Dusk." There was not space there to speak of other, of so many of those nocturnal things which add so much to the mystery and spell of the short nights of summer: the arrowy throw of the bat, a shadowy javelin flung by a shadowy hand against a shadowy foe; the nightjar, the dusky clans of the owl, moonrise at sea or among pinewoods, the dance of the moths round certain trees, the faint woven cadence of the wheeling gnat-columns, the sudden scream of the heron or the wailing of seafowl, or the mournful noise of the moon-restless lapwing, wind in the grass, wind in the hollows of woods, wind among the high corries of the hills. These and a hundred other sounds and sights fill the summer-darkness: the hill-fox barking at the moonshine, the heather-cock in defiance of alarm, deer panting among the bracken, the splash of herring or mackerel on the moonlit breast of the bay, dogs baying a long way off and from farmstead to farmstead. One could not speak of all these things, or of the hundred more. In the meadows, in woods, on upland pastures, from beech-thicket to pine-forest, on the moors, on the hills, in the long valleys and the narrow glens, among the dunes and sea-banks and along wave-loud or wave-whispering shores, everywhere the midsummer-night is filled with sound, with fragrance, with a myriad motion. It is an exquisite unrest: a prolonged suspense that to the dayworn is as silence is, but is not that though the illusion is wrought out of the multitudinous silences which incalculable intersperse the continuous chant of death, the ceaseless hymn of life.

Everywhere, but far north in particular, the summer night has a loveliness to which the least sensitive must in some degree yield, creates a spell which must trouble the most dulled imagination, as moonlight and the faintest rippling breath will trouble unquicken pools into a sudden beauty. It is a matter of temperament, of mood and circumstance rather, where one would find oneself, at the rising of the moon, in the prolonged twilights of summer. To be in a pinewood shelving to a calm sea breaking in continuous foam: or among mountain solitudes, where all is a velvety twilight deepening to a green darkness, till the sudden moon rests athwart one hill-shoulder like a bronze shield, and then slowly is lifted and dissolves into an amber glow along all the heights: or on great moors, where one can

see for leagues upon leagues, and hear nothing but the restless crying of the curlew, the screech of a heron, the abrupt unknown cries and fugitive sounds and momentary stealthy rustlings of nocturnal solitudes. Or, again, on a white roadway passing through beech-woods: or on a gorse-set common, with the churring of a nightjar filling the dusk with the unknown surge and beat in one's own heart: or on the skirts of thatched hamlets, where a few lights linger, with perhaps the loud breathing and trampling of cattle: or in a cottage-garden, with mignonette and cabbage-roses and ghostly phlox, or dew-fragrant with musk and southernwood: or in an old manor-garden, with white array of lilies that seem to have drunk moonlight, and damask and tea rose in odorous profusion, with the honey-loving moths circling from moss-rose to moss-rose, and the night-air delaying among tall thickets of sweet-pea. Or, it may be, on quiet sea-waters, along phantom cliffs, or under mossed and brackened rocky wastes: or on a river, under sweeping boughs of alder and willow, the great ash, the shadowy beech. But each can dream for himself. Memory and the imagination will create dream-pictures without end.

Of all these midsummer-night creatures alluded to here or in the preceding article there may be none more allied to poetic association than the nightjar, but surely there is none more interesting than the owl itself, that true bird of the darkness. That phantom-flight, that silent passage as from the unseen to the unseen, that singular cry, whether a boding scream or a long melancholy hoot or a prolonged too-who, how blent they are with one's associations of the warm hushed nights of summer. But is not the nightjar also of the same tribe? Fern-owl is a common name; also jar-owl, heather-owl. I have heard it called the heather-bleat, though probably that name commonly indicates the snipe. How well I remember from childhood that puzzling riddle

"The bat, the bee, the butterfly, the cuckoo and the gowk,
The heather-bleat, the mire-snipe; how many birds is that?"

I was never 'taken-in' by the first three, but as I had been told or had somehow discovered that the cuckoo was often accompanied by the meadow-pipit I thought the latter must be the 'gowk.' So I guessed 'four,' taking the heather-bleat to be the nightjar: and it was long before I discovered that the answer was two, for only the cuckoo and the snipe were really named.

I wonder how many names the Owl has! Those alone which, like the archetypal name, derive from the old root-word (to howl or hoot or screech), must run to some thirty to forty at least, from the Anglo-Saxon 'hule' and later 'ullet' to the familiar 'hoolet' or 'hoolit' or 'howlet,' or, again, the still current south English 'ullud,' 'ullot,' or 'ulleyet.' We have many Gaelic names also, as (for the snowy or barn owl) 'cailleach-bhan,' the white auld wife, or 'cailleach-oidhche,' the night-

witch; or (for the tawny owl) 'bodach-oidhche,' the night-bogle; or (for the screech-owl) the onomatopœic 'corra-sgriachaig,' or several terms meaning 'long-eared' or 'horned'; and three or four designations, either onomatopœic, as perhaps 'ulacan' (though both in sound and meaning it is the same as the southland 'hooligan'), or adaptations of the Teutonic root-word, as 'Olladan' or 'ullaid.' The name 'yogle' may be heard along the Lothian, Yorkshire, and East Anglian coast-lands, and is doubtless a 'lift' from the Danish 'Kat-yugle' or 'Katogle': indeed 'catyogle,' 'catogle,' and 'catyool' (with the quaint by-brow 'cherubim') occur in several parts of England. In Clydesdale I have often heard the horned owl called the 'luggie' (long-ears). Some names with probably only local meaning I do not understand, as for example, the 'Wite' (not the adjective, but possibly the old word for churchyard and even church); the 'pudge' or 'pudge' of Leicestershire; the Jack-baker, billy-wix, and the eastland 'will-a-wix.' (Is this the cry of the young owl awaiting food?) The 'jilly,' which I heard once at or near Wadermere, is probably a corruption of the Gaelic 'gheal' (white), as many north-Celtic names survive in that region. Our commonest name in the Highlands is 'comhachag' (co-ach-ak) probably as onomatopœic a term as 'cuach' or 'cuthag' (co-ak) for the cuckoo, or 'fitheach' (fee-ak) for the raven. It is said that the longest poem on the Owl in any language is in Gaelic. The *Oran na Comhachag* or Song of the Owl was composed by an aged Highland bard named Donald Finlay somewhere about three hundred years ago—about 1590 says one local account, though I do not know on what authority: a *rinn Domh-mull Mac Fhionnlaidh nan Dan, sealgair 'us bard ainmeil Abrach, mu thiochail 1590* (done by Donald Finlay of the Songs, the celebrated Lochaber huntsman and poet, in or about 1590). I have again and again heard the second of its sixty-seven—in another version seventy—quatrains quoted in support of the theory that an owl lives at least a hundred years; some are credited with far greater age:

*'S co-aise mise do'n daraig,
Bha na fhaillain ann sa choinnich,
'S ioma linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi comhachag bhoich na sroine.*

(I am old as the rock . . . lit. 'the ancientness upon me is that of the oak' . . . whose mossy roots spread wide: many a race have I seen come and go: and still I am the lonely owl of Srona.)

In every country the owl is a bird of mourning. It is also the bird of night pre-eminently (what a pity the old-English owl-light as a variant for twilight has become obsolete); the bird of moonlight or the Moon; the bird of Silence, of Ruin, of the Grave, of Death. In some places a dead owl is still transfixed to the outside of a door, to avert lightning. Perhaps it is for the same reason that a caged owl is held to be a dangerous co-inmate of a house during a thunderstorm. A thousand legends have woven this sombre raiment of associations, though the owl's only distinction from other birds of prey is that it can see in the dark and is nocturnal in habit. It loves solitary places, because there undisturbed, but is not all darkness solitary? In Syria the peasant calls the owl 'the mother of ruins,' which is poetically apt, as is the German 'the sorrowing mother,' but our northern 'night-witch' and the grim Breton 'soul-harrier' (surely a survival of the Greek idea of the owl as a soul-guide) are unjust to an inoffensive bird whose concern is not with souls and graves and ruins but with rats and mice. A German naturalist has even, I remember, written to prove that the owl is pre-eminently a bird of love, of single-hearted devotion, 'the dove of the night': and there is a Danish poem about 'the Silver-Spinner' weaving a thin invisible web in the dusk wherein to entangle and bring close the hearts of lovers. Old Donald Finlay of the Songs must have had some such idea in his mind when in his Song of the Owl he makes the bird say in effect "I may be old and forlorn, but am not to be blamed for that: neither of rapine nor of lies have I ever

been guilty: is there a grave anywhere that I have ever violated? and to the mate of my choice have I ever been faithless?"

This name of the Silver-Spinner, however, though often in Germany, Scandinavia, and our own country associated with the poetic legend alluded to, is really a romantic derivative from the ancient connection of the small owl with the Maiden Maid goddess who presided over spinning as one of her foremost womanly attributes. 'The Woman's Bird,' as the small owl is sometimes called, deserves the name, for in almost every language ancient and modern, except English and Finnish, its name is feminine. The sacred bird of Athens or the Lesbian Nyctimené is still 'the won-an's bird' among the Australian aborigines: Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Icelandic, Vendish, German, French, Hungarian, all afford the same sex-indication. The great white owl, however, is the bird of heroes, wanderers, the night-foray, war, lightning, desolation, solitude, and death. It is said, I know not how proved or traced, that the name Ulysses is but the variant of the Etruscan *Ulixé* or Sikilian *Oulixes*, words supposed to indicate the ululation of the owl's cry (in Italy I have heard the name of the sweet and plaintive little *aziola* or *aziolo* derived from the same source); and that it was given to the Homeric hero because he was the first to adventure sea-voyaging on moonlit nights, because he too was a night-wanderer. In like fashion some speculative philologists derive 'Pallas' from the Turanian owl-name *Pölla*.

I heard a singular fragment of owl-folklore once on the island of Arran. The narrator said the white owl had seven distinct boots, but all I need recall here is that the seventh was when the 'Reul Fheasgair' ceased to be the Evening Star and became the 'Reul na Maidne,' the Day-Star. Was this a memory of some myth associating the owl with the otherworld (or darkness or moonlight or Night) disclosed every eve at the opening of the Gates of Dusk? . . . the time of sleep and dreams, of strange nocturnal life, of silence and mystery, between the soft white fire of the Vesper Star, the star of Labour as the Bretons call it, meaning that with its advent the long day's labour ceases, and its cold serenity when it has climbed the ramparts of the mid-summer night, and, as Phosphoros, the Day-Star, Son of the Morning, flashes like a lance-point against the milky onflood of the dawn?

DENMARK'S SUMMER-TIME.

THIS is a country of deep woods and blue waters, flowering meadows and wide fields of grain, untrammelled by enclosing hedges. Few, save its own people, know the subtle beauty of the Danish summer-time. The road from our village leads past the quaint old kro (inn), with its wooden balconies, the village shop and the churchyard, brimming with roses and lilies, and over the wooden bridge across the weed-grown pond till we come within sight and sound of the sea. There are a rough cross and two graves



Mrs. H. Bowles.

HAPPY DAYS.

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under the trees that fringe the shingle. "Under dette Minde to Sömaend Hvile finde" (Underneath this Stone, two Seamen Rest have won) runs the rude inscription. The spot is sacred to the memory of two fishermen, drowned fifty long years ago. One had gone to Copenhagen to buy his wedding garments, when his boat capsized in a squall. On St. John's Eve the children of the village put fresh flowers on the graves, while the fishermen cluster round. The spirit of the nation—simple, warm-hearted—breathes through the touching tribute to those who passed out of the village life so many years ago.

The grass carpet encroaches on the beach, rest-harrow and bedstraw glow among the green, and the beech trees rustle overhead. It is pleasant to lie here and listen to the soft plashing of the tideless sea. The Sound is like a pool of molten metal—a shimmering dazzling blue with strange patches of gleaming white. The sailing ships loll idly like butterflies poised above a wide blue field—white sails and tawny sails, and one a glowing golden orange. The island of Hveen and the Swedish Coast lie bathed in sunshine; the red roofs of Helsingborg rise up clearly, and there is a gleam of sun on the windows.

Day draws on to evening, but there is little darkness in the far North in these summer months, only a softening of all lights and shadows—a pleasing dimness after the heat of the day. It is at this hour that the magic of the woods draws us. The slim beech trunks are pierced by shafts of ruddy light; the distance melts into a golden haze. The ground is splashed and dappled with gold; the air is full of the pungent scent of last year's leaf and the heavy fragrance of the pines. There is only the petulant note of the wood-pigeon to break the silence, the whirr of the mosquito, the sudden crackle of a frog among the leaves. On and on, through the serried ranks of the beeches, with the branches "like giant maidenhair," meeting in a close trellis overhead.

On a sudden there is a small clearing. Dwarf oak and beech and nut tree rise from the high orchard grass, rosy in the sunlight. *Stellaria* star the ground in thousands; there are fringes of purple foxgloves, and clusters of pale bell-flowers, and snowy woodruff spires lean from the bank along the pathway. The mystery of the woodland is lifted, the path declines to fields.

There is one broad stretch of oats that holds us with a catch of the breath at such beauty. The grey-green rustling oats stretch away to the curve of the hill against the sky; but below and between glow in tens of thousands the yellow daisies. When the wind sways the field there appears to be a lake of living gold below the waving grain. It is a bewildering dream of colour—gold and green waves rippling, dimpling, breaking

under the light evening breeze. It haunts us through all that follows—the blue of cornflowers among the barley; the thatched cottage on the highway, bowered in cherry trees laden with ruddy fruit; the heavy scent of meadow-sweet, thick set along the roadway; the stork on the distant farm, outlined against the sky.

Now the light is dying. Over the hedge, where pink and white wild roses gleam, the shores of Sweden fade into a misty blue. A chain of lights shines out from Helsingborg. Town and sea and sky are merged in the purple haze. It seems as if all the stress and unloveliness of a town have vanished. Man's handiwork—the glittering chain of lights—adds to the beauty of this evening world. They are the lights of some town of fairy, seen across the rose-hedge. All the romance of the world seems prisoned between the two shores to-night.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A KENT COTTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your article under this heading in your issue of August 12th, you drew attention to the typical mediæval yeoman's cottage of Kent and Sussex. I have recently had an opportunity of making a careful archaeological investigation of this particular type of cottage, which has led me to the conclusion that most of the existing examples are certainly not of later than fifteenth century date, and many of them probably considerably earlier. The type was fixed by the construction, the central hall running up into the roof and with two storeys of rooms, at one end only in the smaller cottages, and at both ends in the larger ones, the rooms at one end being those devoted to the master and his women-folk, and at the other to the purposes of buttery, stable, loft, or servants' quarters. These houses were innocent of glazed windows, and were lighted and ventilated by openings in the side walls protected by upright oak bars, and in the case of the private rooms by hinged wooden shutters. The floors were of earth strewn with rushes, and the roof was of thatch, the smoke from the one fire in the centre of the hall finding its way out through the upper part of the windows, or through the roof, either by dispersal or by means of wooden openings specially made for the purpose, as one still finds in the crofters' cottages of the Highlands of Scotland, and, probably, also in Ireland. With the more settled and prosperous times of the latter part of the sixteenth century the type changed; built fireplaces were introduced, the hall was ceiled over, and the cottages were built of two storeys all over. The curious characteristic recess in the front being no longer required by the exigencies of the construction, it does not exist in the later cottages at all. A considerable number of cottages of this type are still to be found in the hamlets of Kent and Sussex, but practically all of them have, of course, been altered and adapted to later requirements, and I know of no example in which the tall central hall has been



F. J. Mortimer.

ATLANTIC BREAKERS.

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preserved in its original condition. These cottages are mostly in the occupation of the rural population, and where they are well cared for and kept in a good state of repair it is well, surely, that they should continue to be so occupied. If it is going to become the fashion to secure them for week-end or summer cottages, in view of the difficulty of finding houses for the labouring population in rural districts, it is to be hoped that those who take these cottages away from their legitimate occupants will see to it that other suitable cottages are erected to house the people who are displaced, otherwise they will drift to the towns, and the question of the scarcity of local labour will become more acute in such districts. I also venture to question how far such cottages can be successfully "restored," and how far, when restored, they are likely to be either comfortable or convenient. To be consistent one ought to go back to the mud floor, the open fire in the centre of the hall, the unglazed windows, etc. If you are to preserve the later brick fireplaces, why not preserve the sixteenth or seventeenth century floor over the hall. A hall open to the roof, with two thin outside walls, and with an outer door opening directly into it, will be found very difficult to warm, even in spring and autumn, and it besides involves the loss of a bedroom and the duplication of stairs, etc. I should like to see in every village where such cottages exist one of these cottages secured for a village club or reading-room, and for this purpose carefully and reasonably repaired, and here you might open up the hall if you like, heating it with a good large close stove. The end rooms at one end could be made suitable for a games room down below, and for a committee or smaller reading-room up above, and those at the other end for the caretaker's residence. But even in securing such a house for such a purpose it would be absurd to attempt to restore it either outside or in to its original state. You can never make new half timber look like old, and if you should succeed in approximately doing so it is, after all, only an affectation. If the wattle and daub filling has perished, and the whole face been rough cast, over timbers and all, leave it so. If weather-tiled, leave the tiling. After all, you would not think of replacing a tile roof by thatch. Why, therefore, attempt the other? The seventeenth century floors, beams, and brick chimneys are part of the history of the place, and therefore should be left to tell their tale. Almost every church in the country has been irreparably ruined by "restoration." Are we to have what remains to us of the honest country building treated in the same way?—ROBERT WEIR SCHULTZ.

THE GARDEN CITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I point out to your correspondent on the subject of the "Garden City" that the scheme was started in the interests of the workers, and the whole aim and object is to found a working city, not simply a pleasure garden for wealthy idlers. I believe that this can be accomplished without the "stress, storm, and dirt of the ordinary commercial town." It will be strictly kept in view in the agreements with all the leaseholders that ample space for each building must be left, and only those buildings approved by the directors of Garden City, Limited, will be allowed. As a small shareholder in the company I have every confidence that the principles set forth in the promoter's book "To-morrow" will be adhered to, and that all dwellers in Garden City will be able "to live a simpler and purer life." It will also enable the worker to live near his work, which he cannot do in our large towns. Of course the population of the Garden City is limited, but we hope that this is only the pioneer of similar cities.—F. O. LOESCH.

BIRDS AND FRUIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence that has recently appeared in your columns on the subject of the destructiveness of birds, may I be allowed to make a suggestion, viz., let anyone who thinks birds do harm to fruit try feeding them. Quantities of birds of all sorts frequent my garden. I find that, excepting sparrows and starlings, they really eat very little fruit; indeed, the gooseberries remain to die on the bushes, as I do not care for them, neither do the birds. I put pans of water about the place, and bird-seed and corn mixed are thrown out regularly every evening away from the kitchen garden. I also grow sunflowers, and the tits, generally considered to be so destructive to fruit, ignore it in favour of the seeds.—A LOVER OF BIRDS.

[Our correspondent's advice may be accepted by those who grow fruit for pleasure only. We are afraid that his invention would not meet the requirements of those who grow it in large quantities for profit, but would only bring a great many birds about the orchard.—ED.]

ST. CUTHBERT'S CHAPEL ON THE FARNE ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the following notes may be of interest to your correspondent "A. R.," as well perhaps as to some other readers of COUNTRY LIFE, while, if he wishes to pursue the subject deeper, he will (besides the *résumé* given in Tomlinson's "Comprehensive Guide to Northumberland," to which he has been referred by "R. S. W.") find much interesting information regarding St. Cuthbert and his connection with the Farnes in Raine's "History of North Durham," as well as in his "St. Cuthbert," "The Life of St. Cuthbert," and in the proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, the Society of Antiquarians of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the "Archæologia Æliana," issued by the Antiquarian Society of Northumberland and Durham. It may save time if I add that all of these—or such of them as are still in print, with occasional second-hand copies of the others—may generally be had from the shop of the late Thomas Thorn in Blackett Street, or some of the other Newcastle booksellers. Although the name of St. Cuthbert is as indelibly associated with the Farnes as with Holy Island, he was not the first saint who sought rest and seclusion on the lonely isle. St. Aidan, who was the first Bishop of Lindisfarne and who died A.D. 651, was his predecessor at both places; and even before he retired there from the cares of Lindisfarne and the world, some years before his death, there was a habitation, and probably some sort of ecclesiastical building there. It was during

his residence on the Farne that Aidan is said to have beaten back the ruthless attacks of Penda by his prayers, and to have turned the flames, which they had directed against the royal residence of Bamburgh, back upon the invading hosts. It is known that Lindisfarne was occupied in pre-Roman times, and so, too, were probably the Farne Islands, by a people of remotest el, of whom, for want of a better designation, we are wont to speak as "Ancient Britons." St. Cuthbert first came to the Farne in A.D. 676, and there constructed for himself his first rude oratory, which stood not far from the landing-place, on the east side of the island; the walls of this were of unhewn stone and turf, some of them so large that we are told by the venerable Bede that angelic aid had to be summoned to help to raise them to position. Still nearer to the water's edge a hospitium was erected, where brethren and strangers visiting the island might find accommodation without intruding upon the lonely anchorite. All trace of the oratory has long ago disappeared, and though the hospitium was still standing in the twelfth century, it, too, in time, passed away, and its site is now occupied by a more modern, though still ancient, building. After a residence of about nine years on the Farne, Cuthbert was, in 685, waited upon by the whole Synod, headed by King Egfrid and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, after some pressing, prevailed upon to accept the vacant see of Lindisfarne. He only laboured at the latter place, however, for two short years, before he again sought rest and seclusion in his old oratory, where he died some two months later. The present ecclesiastical buildings upon the island consist of the chapel dedicated to St. Cuthbert, which was built, or perhaps rebuilt, in 1370, and restored in its present form by the late Archdeacon Thorp in 1848, and the decaying and almost completely effaced remains of a chapel dedicated to St. Mary. Of the latter all architectural features are lost, but an original window in the south wall, and a small doorway at the south-east end, of the former still remain to show its character and determine its age. The window has a pointed arch with a quatrefoil centre and two lights, each with a trefoil heading. Until about the beginning of the nineteenth century this chapel was inhabited by the person whose duty it was to attend to the lighthouse. A stained-glass window in the chancel is dedicated to the memory of Archdeacon Thorp, and represents St. Aidan; another window shows St. Cuthbert, with King Oswald's head in his hand; while a third, representing St. Ethelwald, is in remembrance of Grace Horsley Darling, the heroine of the Farnes, who died October 20th, 1842. The large stone coffin noticed by "A. R.," as well as two smaller ones, lying in front of the chapel, and some stone slabs and other relics, were all disinterred from the adjoining ground. The large coffin used to be regarded by popular traditions as that of St. Cuthbert, but, of course, in error, as his remains never rested here; it is more possibly Master Sparrow's (d. 1429 or 1430). A stone cross formerly stood upon the highest point of the island, but has been removed; and the wells, which St. Cuthbert's miraculous agency caused to spring up out of the rock, have long since also disappeared, or lost their sweetness. The only water now obtained is from holes dug in the earth, and is more or less brackish. The modern geologist scouts the monkish legend, and the basalt now refuses to give water. Much of the oak carving in the chapel is very old, and some of it fine. It came here from Durham, but the best of it was removed many years ago from the Farne to Monks' House, upon the mainland just opposite, the summer residence of Mrs. Thorp, the present representative of the late Archdeacon, who bought the freehold of the Inner Farnes along with the Monks' House, from the Dean and Chapter of Durham, upon whom they were bestowed by Henry VIII. on the dissolution of the monasteries in 1536.—LICHEN GREY.

GOAT-FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is very seldom that my opinion differs in any way from that of Mr. Holmes Pegler, but I do consider that his views, as stated in your issue of August 5th, are a little too strong. I do not wish to infer that the articles under the above heading dated June 24th and July 8th were all that could be desired, but I do think that there is a good future for goats in this country, if sufficient goats of good quality could be got together. I state plainly that nobody who has had no previous knowledge of goat-keeping can expect to start a farm and make it pay the first year, but I am very much of Mrs. Jackson's opinion, that goat-farming under good management could be made to pay. There is no question about the demand for goats' milk at the present day; the supply is the trouble. It is quite impossible to work goats' milk on the same lines as cows' milk; therefore, there is no wonder that the dairy companies who tried to push the sale some twenty years ago did not make a success of it. But fancy taking an instance of something that happened twenty years ago, as compared to what is going on at the present day. The value of goats' milk for infants was unknown twenty years ago; in fact, at the present day only a very small proportion of mothers know what little trouble they will have with their little ones if fed on goats' milk. It has always been my experience that the supply of a good article creates the demand, and not the demand the supply. Whoever heard of an unknown article being in demand? and I contend that twenty years ago goats' milk was unknown. Your correspondent "Hornless Nanny" seems to think that she could step into the goat world at the same cost as a cottager could, and that she would make money out of it right away. Now if I am not mistaken, "Hornless Nanny" has not yet had a full year's experience so far as goat-farming is concerned, and considering for how short a time she has interested herself on the subject, she has done very well indeed, if the credit side of her balance is shown correctly. I should like to be able to buy goats' milk at 3d. per quart; I could get 8d. per quart for it if I were disposed to sell. I should think the following figures nearer the mark:

	£	s.	d.
Value of milk (700 quarts at 6d. per quart, instead of 3d.)	8	15	0
Collars and chains	1	1	0
Tethering pins and ropes	11	9	
Goat-house	15	0	0
Grazing at 3d. a head per week (instead of 6d.)	4	10	0
Food—hay, etc., if bought at right prices...	4	15	0
	£34	12	9

Add this amount to the £37 6s. on credit side—£71 18s. 9d.; this will show a debit balance of £5 19s. 8d. instead of £40 12s. 5d. Even this difference would have been reduced to £1 8s. 8d. if better judgment had been shown in paying £11 11s. for a goat and selling it shortly after for £7. Selling it at the price was clearly an error; but with so little experience that is not to be wondered at. To my mind, "Horrible Nanny" proves that there is money to be made in goat-farming if worked on business lines. If the only practical use goats' milk can be put to is to feed Pomeranians, then I would say do not keep goats, as I do not believe in purely fancy articles.

—HERBERT E. HUGHES.

ARAN ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Visitors to Connemara and the West of Ireland should not fail to include in their itinerary at least a flying visit to the Aran Islands, which lie some twenty-eight miles off the coast of Galway, for in them will be found such a wealth of antiquities, both Pagan and Christian, that days may be well

spent in exploring even the one island of Inishmore. Pre-historic forts of immense size, temples, ancient churches, stone beehive huts, etc., abound. Inishmore is the largest island of the group of three, and has an area of eleven square miles. Practically it is one huge, bare limestone rock, rising from the sea with a gentle slope on the east side to a height of 300ft. on the west side, where it breaks away suddenly into wild, jagged cliffs, honey-combed with immense caverns, wherein the sea crashes and booms incessantly. There are no trees and but a few bushes on these islands. In place of fields and ordinary pasture-land there are flat tables of rock transversed by innumerable



ANCESTRAL GARB.

crevices and fissures, in the depths of which a rich, luxuriant grass grows freely. Occasionally these fissures assume rectangular forms, so regular as to suggest a human origin rather than a natural one. Ferns, including the maidenhair, abound. The islands are divided into sections by a network of walls built of loose stones. There are no paths or gates, therefore to obtain ingress or egress one has to push a wall down. The natives are simple and primitive, and, like the people of Connemara, have a strong belief in "the little people," and the unseen world. Holy wells and sacred altars are plentiful, and are generally covered with heterogeneous collections of votive offerings. The clothing worn is mainly homespun, and nearly every cottage has its spinning-wheel, though but few hand-looms are in use in the islands. The spun thread is sent to Galway to be woven into cloth. The men's garments, as will be seen from the illustration, are heirlooms, and the necessary repairs are added by successive generations. Thick woollen stockings are worn by all, together with a curious sandal, called a pampootie, made of uncured cowhide. This covering for the foot is rendered necessary by the sharp-edged rocks. The chief industry is fishing, and the boats in everyday use are made of light skeleton frames of wood covered with a waterproof canvas, after the manner of a coracle, but long and narrow in shape, and capable of holding a number of men. These boats or "currachs" are used in the roughest seas, and float on the waves where no other boat could live. Fragile as they appear to be, they will carry a dead weight of a ton with ease. A steamer runs from Galway to Aran, under subsidy of the Congested



TROPHIES FROM MOOR AND FOREST.

Not more than a hundred are shot each year, for the herds must not be entirely depleted.—J. G.

THE SIZE OF COPPER BEECHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the garden of this house there is a dark copper beech which tapes 13ft. 3in. at 3ft. above ground, and 14ft. 6in. above the swell of the roots. It is 116 years old, or thereabouts.—(COLONEL) H. BRETON, St. Margaret's House, Rochester.

A ONE-HORNED STAG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I am sending for your inspection a malformed stag's head, with one horn, I shot in the woods here whilst after roe. He was in splendid order, weighing just on 16st. clean.—F. W. G. GRESWOLDE-WILLIAMS, Strathmashie, Kingussie, Inverness-shire.

[The malformation was, in all probability, due to an injury to the testicles, either from a bullet or perhaps the brow antler of another stag. The effects of partial or complete castration on the growth of the antlers are curious and interesting. Other causes of malformed growth in antlers are injuries to the horn while in a tender and growing condition, and a distorted growth has occasionally been ascribed to a faulty dentition. In the stag's head which Mr. Greswolde-Williams forwarded to us for inspection the beam of the existing antler was very weak, and only one "tine" was visible; while of the missing horn there was no trace beyond the pedicle, which was perfectly normal in appearance.—ED.]



ARAN SPINNING WHEEL.

Districts Board, two or three times a week. For those wishing to stay, accommodation can be found on Inishmore, but the conditions are primitive, and ladies would probably find them little to their liking.—J. CREWYS RICHARDS.

THE TAXIDERMIST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As one drives along the high road from Braemar to the Linn of Dee, one cannot help noticing a picturesque cottage on the left-hand side, a little beyond the new Victoria Bridge. Here lives Mr. John Lamont, taxidermist to the Duke of Fife, and a great favourite with the Queen, whom he has many a time helped to land fine salmon in the splendid reaches above Mar Lodge. It is the duty of Mr. Lamont to stuff the heads of the animals shot by the Duke and his friends, for each is carefully preserved, with a tablet commemorating the day and the gun.